Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 89.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 16, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *W. and D. Downey*

The Latest and Favourite Photograph of Madame de Navarro ("Mary Anderson")

Miss Mary Anderson, although it is years since she left the stage, has never lost the affection of the public. A proof of this is the chorus of congratulations which greeted her last week upon the birth of a daughter

No. 89.—Vol. VII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, August 16, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	311
Random Jottings	313
Racing at Cowes	319
The World's Pageant	320
Three Fair Devotees of Yachting ...	321
A Surrey Crowd at the Oval	324
The Maharajah of Mysore's Birthday Week	327
Alpine Climbing—The Real and the Ideal	328
The Latest Morocco Scare	330
Trinidad: The Commercial and Picturesque Aspects	332
Concerning Earl de Grey	334
Counter Attractions at Cowes: The Popular Side of the Regatta ...	336
Our Short Story—"The Punishment." By Madeline Macrae	338
Spanish Sharps and British Flats ...	342
"Woman's Rights" among the Indians	343
Points from the Playhouses	344
The Library	346
A Bookman's Gossip	347
To Preserve Hyde Abbey	349
Golf Notes and Notions By Ernest Lehmann	350
The Camp of the King's Colonials ...	352
Prize-winning Hunters at the Oxted and Godstone Agricultural Show ...	353
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	359
Automobile Topics	361

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.
HENRY LOWENFELD, Sole Proprietor.
TOM B. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
VERONIQUE.
Matinée, Every Wednesday, at 2.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Tyrol." By W. D. McCrackan. Illustrated. (Duckworth: 5s. net.)
"Qu'est-ce que cela vent dire?" By H. P. Sligo de Pothonier. (Sands and Co.)
"A Descriptive Handbook of Architecture." By Martin A. Buckmaster, A.R.C.A. (Routledge: 3s. 6d.)
"Civil Engineering." By T. Claxton Fidler, M.Inst.C.E. (Methuen: 2s. 6d.)
"The Fortuna Filly." A Novel. By Howell Scratton. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"The Lady of Lyte." A Novel. By Graham Hope. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The New Minister." By Orme Angus. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"The Marquis of Putney." By Richard Marsh. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Tommy Carteret." A Novel. By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Vivien." A Novel. By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen: 6s.)

FOR HOLIDAY READING.

VOL. VI.

The Bystander

(April to June, 1905)

Bound in Green Stamped Cloth with Gold Lettering,

Price 10/6

AN EXCELLENT PRESENT FOR FRIENDS ABROAD OR IN THE COLONIES.

Those who bind their issues in volume should write for the TITLE PAGE AND INDEX enclosing Penny Stamp, to the Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

Not to be Continued

Some anxiety was caused to thorough-going Englishmen last week by the action of two of our chief daily papers, which had their leading articles written in French. We understand, however, that the thing is not likely to become a precedent, and that, in any case, cricket matches will continue to be described in the usual language.

A Canard

It is not, of course, true that an esteemed halfpenny contemporary, in its enthusiasm over the *Entente Cordiale*, sent out posters containing the announcement :

"Horrifique meurtre."
"Tous les vainqueurs."

The idea may have been discussed, but it went no further than the editorial sanctum.

Off Portsmouth

Several sea-serpents were observed off Portsmouth during the festivities, but the police maintain that good-humour was a feature of every case, and that a penalty not exceeding five shillings was almost invariably sufficient to dispel the reptiles.

A Traveller's Tale

The unpopularity of Germans in Africa has received striking confirmation. "Some travellers who have arrived at Anvers from the Cameroons," says a contemporary, "announce that the cannibal tribe of Niems have killed and eaten, in the space of two months, two thousand negroes and eight German settlers." It is possible, of course, that no more German settlers were available.

"Not Pre-arranged"

"So far," says Laffan's Agency, "nothing certain is known about a meeting between King Edward and the Kaiser. If it takes place, it has not been pre-arranged. It will be the outcome of a sudden resolve." This strikes us as one of the most felicitous examples of journalistic enterprise that has ever met our gaze. On the same principle we venture ourselves to give the following information :—

1. Nothing certain is known as to Mr. Balfour's determination to dissolve Parliament next week. If it takes place, it has not been pre-arranged. It will be the outcome of a sudden resolve.

ALPHONSE RETURNS TO YVONNE

"Hullo! Howdedo, shake 'ands, buck up, beastly weather, spiffin' time, 'avadrink, Hooray!"

2. The announcement that Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli have collaborated in a novel, to be called "Satan and Me," must not be regarded as a certainty. If the novel has been written, it has not been thought out. It will be the outcome of a sudden resolve.

3. Entire credence must not be given to the statement that the Channel has been swum. If it is swum, it has not been swum simply by pre-arrangement. The tides have been favourable.

Anticipations.—II.

("Much interest is felt as to whether the lady who appeared at Hurlingham recently with a green parrot tied to her wrist by a little gold collar and chain will find many imitators. The new fashion, hailing from Paris, is a decidedly pretty one." —DAILY MAIL.)

Our special representative anticipates the following paragraphs:—

Much interest is felt as to whether anyone will find the lady who appeared at Ranelagh the other day, attached by a stout gold chain to an eagle. The new fashion, hailing from the Andes, is distinctly *chic*, but there is a natural anxiety as to whether the chain will hold. A balloon has already been despatched in search of the pair.

The relations of the young lady who was last seen above Teddington Lock, attached to a swan by a boat-hook, will be glad of any information leading to her discovery. The young lady, who looked charming in pink, was convinced that the swan was quite tame; but grave doubts are now felt on this subject, and the river is being dragged.

No little excitement was caused by the appearance in the stalls at the opera of a well-known Society dame, with a young polar bear tied to her waist by a silver string. The attendant, who was asked to supply it with ices between the Acts th
bring an action for damages, otherwi
which hails from Kamschatka—wou
on. Caruso, it is true, seemed annoyed by the bear's occasional growlings, but everyone else was delighted; and we are sure the Management will see its way to arrange for a few pits for the picturesque creatures.

A novel wedding, and one which is likely to become fashionable, was celebrated this afternoon at St. George's, Hanover Square. Instead of the usual bouquets, the ten bridesmaids carried little hedgehogs, attached to their thumbs by ruby collars—the gift of the bridegroom. The fashion—a distinctly pleasing one—hails from the Zambesi, and it is quite unlikely that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will carry out its threat to prosecute.

Young Conservatives

The young scholars of Reading, whose Town Council proposes to expend the sum of £1,190 in providing a shower-bath on German models for the new Council school at present in course of erection, are showing a keen interest in the controversy that has arisen round the proposal. Most of them, we understand, are proving quite staunch little conservatives. As they wisely say, they would much rather not waste the ratepayers' money.

Why Damp Genius?

It is feared that, should the Council have its way in the matter, there will also be some trouble with parents. "Why, you ain't never goin' to put my Tommy under that there tap, and him on'y eleven, and in the Fifth Standard," some proud Mother will say, when Tommy's turn comes round for the bath. Or—"M'ria, she 'ad 'er bath o' Tuesday, poor little thing; and she's felt queer-like ever since. That's why she couldn' come to school

Anticipations

"Oh! did poor dear little Linievitch bite you? I'm *so* sorry. But we must put up with these little things, mustn't we—like motor cars and—and Channel swimmers?"

A Fact

(Overheard on Ludgate Hill on August 10)

NEWSBOY *(at the top of his voice)*: "Vivvy lar Frarnce"

." Truly, the way of reformers is not always

The Hopeful Language

The Esperanto Congress has roused a great deal of enthusiasm among the supporters of that universal tongue. A correspondent, who signs himself "Esperantist," writes to us, pointing out the delicacy of the new language. "Take an expression like 'Mixed Biscuits'—the proper enunciation of which is regarded as a test of

The Hopeful Language: "Mi kij Bickskij"

sobriety in this country—and compare it with our 'Miskij Bickskij.' A man would require to be very excited before he could fail to pronounce properly the latter words." There is something to be said for this view. But some people would say that he would have to be very excited before he even tried to pronounce them.

Paradoxical Homel

"Orders have been issued to the Russian troops in Homel to fire on houses from which any abusive remarks are heard.' This is another attempt on the part of one of the Russian officials to suppress the liberty of the individual. Yet women in Homel are found who say that it is quite a pleasure cooking meals for their husbands at present.

The Femininities of Felicia

Felicia and I have met in many places, but I think we both have a special liking for Geddington. The institutions fit in so admirably with the meals. The terrace, for instance, is obviously a before-luncheony sort of place.

"I'm going to write a book," she observed, the other morning.

"What will you write about?" I asked, gently.

"My friends. I shall devote a fixed number of hours every day to writing," she added, with enthusiasm, "and for the rest of the day I shall mentally revise what I have done, and elaborate what I have yet to do."

"Then it's good-bye?" I murmured, tentatively.

"Good-bye! Oh, no; I shall want you often."

I felt instantly less antagonistic to the project.

"You will be, as it were, my sounding board. You may listen while I recite the plot over and over again. You won't need to speak. Just to listen."

"A kind of tuning-fork."

"In a way, yes. But silent. Quite silent."

"I see."

"And in the conversations you'll learn one part by heart, and we shall repeat them aloud."

"Over and over again," I said, absently, for I was deep in thought.

"Over and over again," she repeated, delighted at my grasp of her meaning.

"It'll be a huge success, I'm sure," I said, with sinister conviction.

"Huge. You'll be proud, won't you?"

"The pride of the organ-blower at an oratorio."

"Yes. That's excellent. I say, won't Mary be surprised?" (*Mary is our hostess.*)

"Pleased," I corrected, hastily "Pleased. Not surprised. She's prophesied it all along. Ages ago, she said you'd write something original. I was less far-sighted I disagreed with her. It was about the time of Miss Hattersley's great book——"

How Paterfamilias read his daily paper last week

"*Hilda* Hattersley?"

"Yes. And Mary said, 'If Hilda can do it, Felicia can. Impossibility of figure—(Mary is so sweeping)—means in a woman proportionate possibility of brain.'"

"I was at the gawky age then." Felicia's voice sounded curiously unliterary.

"That's what I told Mary," I remarked, soothingly.

A gong boomed with the sonorous solemnity of an approaching meal.

At lunch, Felicia was quite sulky. She has since renounced her ambition.

That Food Problem!

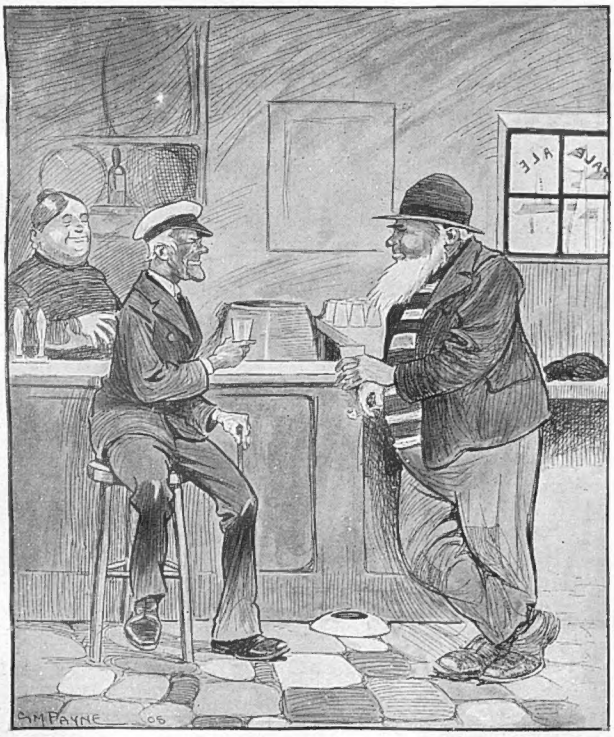
Most of us have our food-fads nowadays, more especially during the hot season; so that much interest attaches to Sir William Collins' reported remark that, since he became Chairman of the L.C.C. Education Committee, he "had breakfasted, dined, and supped on agenda papers." Washed down, no doubt, with water from the well of knowledge.

We were so much interested in this confession of Sir William's dietetic practice, that we have made some inquiries, with a view to ascertaining whether any similar habits exist in other distinguished cases. Several eminent persons have been good enough to answer our questions. Some of them, however, desire that their names shall not be made public.

"Since I effected a readjustment of my political position," writes a public man whose incognito we are obliged to respect, "I have found no diet so suitable as my own words, which I eat daily with the most beneficial results. I do not recommend this food as palatable, however, and perhaps it might not suit all constitutions as well as it suits mine"

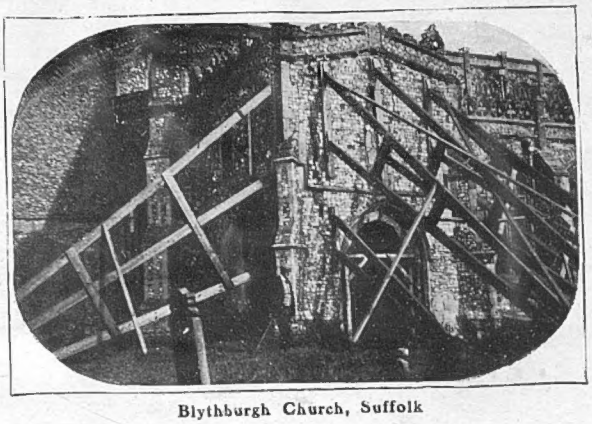
"Partisan," writing from the House of Commons, says: "I never have any difficulty of the kind I understand you to mean. I can, and do, swallow absolutely anything."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes: "For my part I love all kinds of food with an impartial affection; but if any of your readers keep a public (I do not refer to licensed premises) I recommend him to do as I do. I feed my public on paradox, and up to now it has thrived and grown bigger on the diet. As the supply of this article has been both plentiful and cheap of recent years, this is a most economical plan.



FIRST OLD SALT: "I 'ave the greatest admiration for the man behind the gun"

SECOND OLD SALT: "Mebbe you're right, but it always seems to me it's the feller in front of it that's taking the chances"



Blythburgh Church, Suffolk

One of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the country falling to pieces for want of £3,000

Au Revoir to the Royal Academy

(Which closed on August 7)

Farewell, dear Home of Art, Farewell;
For nine long months, a weary spell,
I now in lesser Galleries,
Must seek for pictures such as these.

I seek, but ah, I shall not find
Work so French-polished, so refined;
So free from trace of Intellect,
So calm, so classic, so correct.

Where shall I see the tidy glades
And well-kept coves, where Mythic Maids,
So wax-like and so lily-fair,
Express their lady-like despair?

Where can I find poetic Thought,
Aglow with sacred Fire intense;
In paint (with details nicely wrought)
Reduced to gold-framed common-sense?

Try the New Gallery? Why there
They have no Picture of the Year!
No Christmas Number Pictures sweet;
No Royal portraits, and no "Cheat"!

The International? Enough!
It reeks of Thought. Besides such rough,
Unfinished things you never see
Within the Royal Academy.

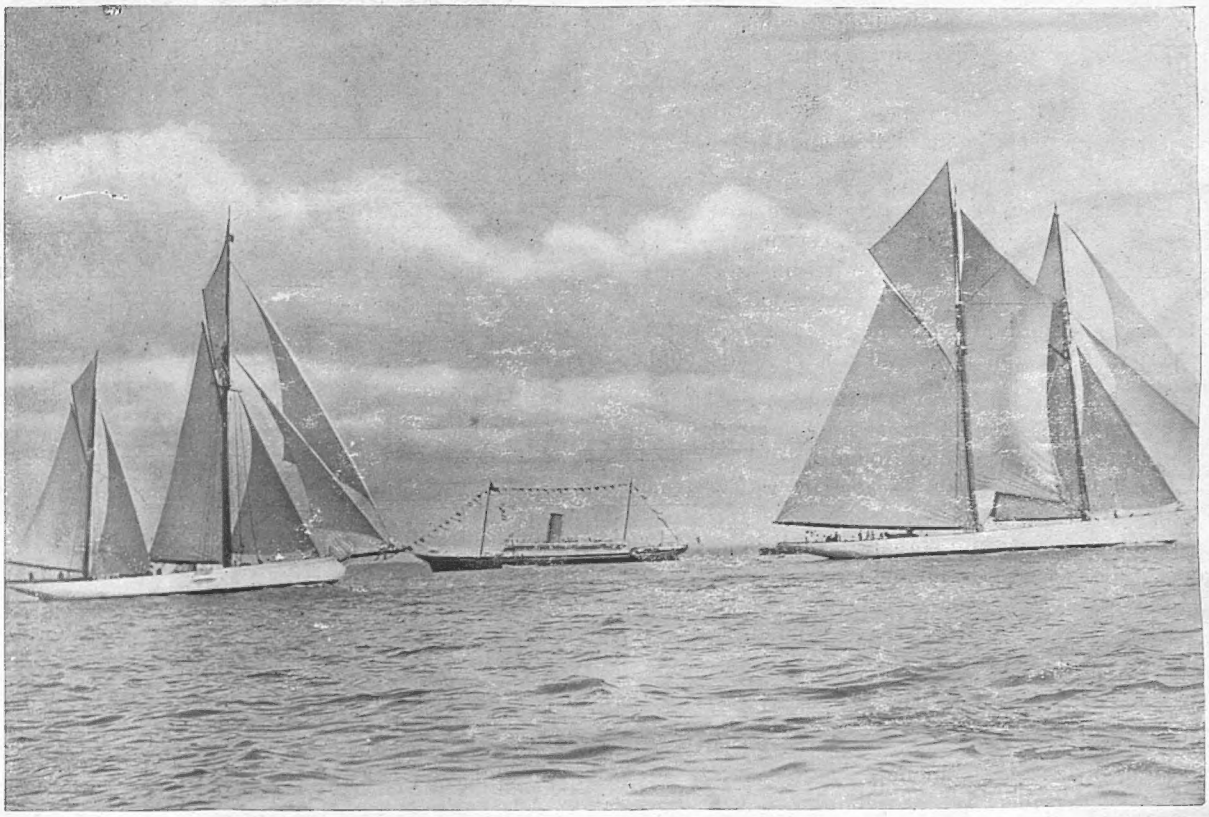
The woolly sheep; the chubby child;
The cottage-scenes with Pathos piled;
"Gran'father," and "Grandmother" too;
Farewell; farewell; to all of you.

Altho' to May seems very far,
I'll bear it, for I surely know
That gems precisely similar
Are sure to be in Next Year's Show.

THE RESTORATION OF BLYTHBURGH CHURCH

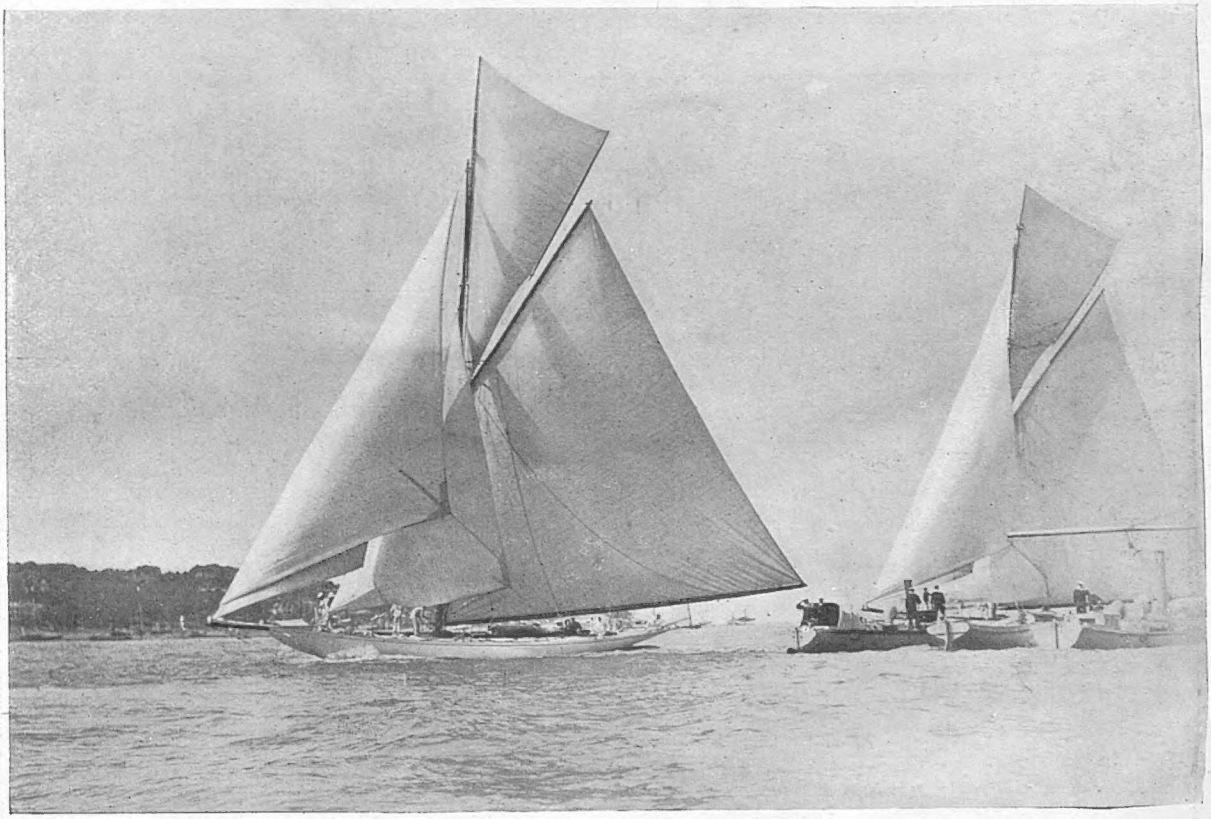
That grand Gothic structure, Blythburgh Church, Suffolk, which is one of the historic "lions" of the county, is in great need of restoration. In order to provide funds, an art exhibition and fancy fair was held at Cockfield Hall, Yoxford, on Saturday, August 5, which H.R.H. Princess Louise, Patroness of the Restoration Committee, opened in person. Sir Ralph Blois, lord of the manor, and Lady Blois invited a distinguished gathering to the exhibition, in the arrangement of which much valuable assistance was given by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A. Included in the exhibition was a water-colour drawing, the work of Princess Louise, and works by Luke Fildes, R.A., Seymour Lucas, R.A., Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A., Ernest Crofts, R.A., and others. A substantial sum was raised at the exhibition, but £3,000 is needed for the restoration fund, of which Mr. C. F. Egerton, Bulcamp, Wangford, Suffolk, is hon. treasurer.

Racing at Cowes



The Race for the King's Cup: The Kaiser's "Meteor" (on the left) and Lord Dunraven's "Cariad," the winner

After a most exciting race, *Cariad* won the blue-ribbon of the yachting world with 63 secs. to spare. In the centre of the illustration is *Enchantress*, the Admiralty yacht

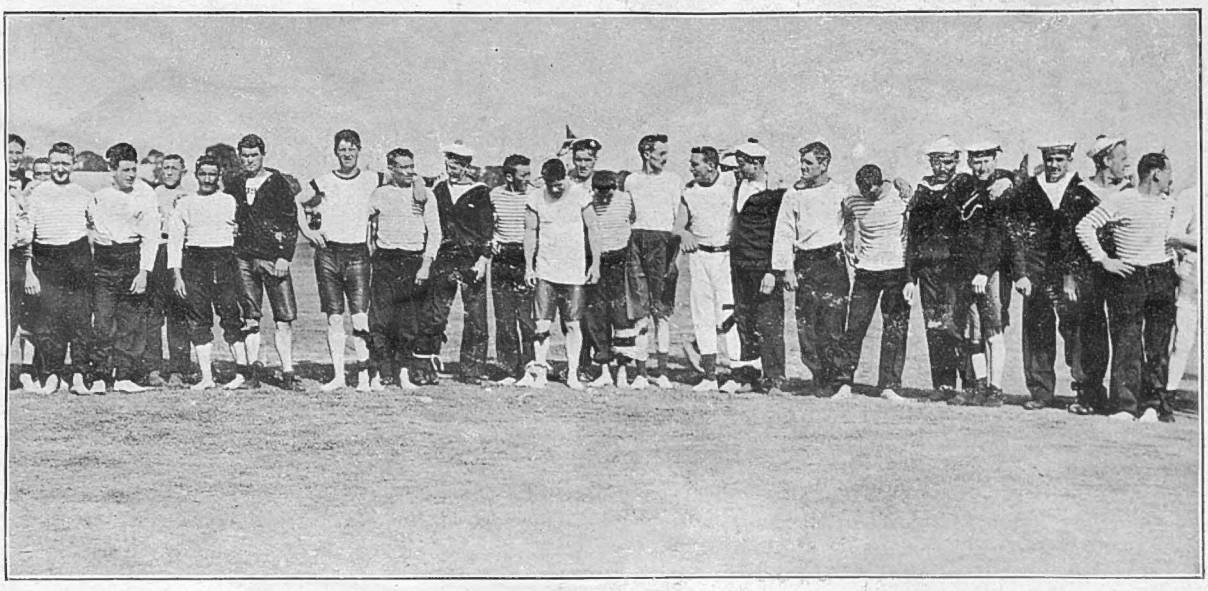


52-Raters in the Second Race: Mr. Samuel Butler's "Maymon" and Mr. W. P. Burton's "Britomart"

The race for yachts between 42 and 52 linear rating brought only 52-raters, thus obviating handicapping. The race was won by Mr. G. Turner Farley's *Sonya*

Jack and His Guests Ashore

ATHLETIC SPORTS ON WHALE ISLAND



Competitors in the Three-Legged Race

OUR French Naval visitors kept up the reputation for merriment and good-humour which has always distinguished Jack on shore. They entered with zest into all the events in a long programme of sports on Whale Island, Portsmouth. The *entente* was carried out even in the programme, which was so arranged that the Jack Tars did not compete directly against their visitors—all crews for the events being mixed. The French sailors acquitted themselves well at running and jumping, but "le tug-of-war" being a new diversion, it was not surprising that they were unable to respond to the call "heave" with that steady, scientific pull which draws the unwilling adversaries over the line.

Photo by *Russell and Sons.*

The Tug-of-War

French Naval Guests in the City

Photo by] French petty officers and men on arrival at the Guildhall Courtyard *[Baker and Dixon*

Photo by] French officers driving to the Guildhall *[Bolak*

The World's Pageant

Mme. Hoser

The widow who won the first prize of £40,000 in the French Press Lottery

Widows and Wealth

A widow with £40,000 might have softened the obdurate bosom of Mr. Weller, Sen., himself. It is not surprising to learn that Mme. Hoser, the fortunate winner of the first prize in the great Paris Press Lottery, should have offers of marriage pour in by every post. Aristocracy, as is usual in these cases, is well represented among the applicants. A marquis and a count have laid their titles at the feet of the fair canteen-keeper. These purse-lover swains no doubt imagine that, on the principle, "Lightly come, lightly go," the widow would be willing to expend part of her easily-won fortune upon a titled, if spendthrift, husband. But somehow, one does not fancy their chances.

Mme. de Navarro

Hearty were the congratulations showered upon Mme. de Navarro, still fondly recalled by a doting public as Mary Anderson, upon the birth of a daughter last week. Never a great actress, Mary Anderson won for herself a position which her more talented sisters might well envy. It is many years since the magnetism of her winning personality was exerted upon an audience. She has refused countless offers to renew her public career. This preference for private life is so unusual in an artist as to please the people, although they are thereby the losers. Home-life has an irresistible attraction for the English race. So, debarred from seeing Mary Anderson upon the stage, one loves to recall her beauty, and one takes the keenest interest in any item of news which reaches the great world from the old-world village of Broadway, Worcestershire, with its colony of artistic and literary celebrities.

Miss Bridges

Winner of the Silver Challenge Quiver for most hits, at the Grand National Archery Meeting, at Southampton

Wolves as pets

In a suburb near London, a Mr. Brooks has quite a collection of wolves which he is training up as pets. He can be seen walking about the lanes followed by two or three wolves on leads. The wolves are quite tame; they shake hands, take sugar from the mouth, etc. Several of the nobility patronise Mr. Brooks, and there appears to be a constant demand for tame wolves

Three Fair Devotees of Yachting

Three Fair Yachtswomen

Among those fair yachtswomen who may be regarded as habituées of Cowes are Mrs. Richard Charteris, Lady Lockhart, and Lady Sarah Wilson. Mrs. Charteris is the pretty wife of one of the most popular members of the R.Y.S. This most famous of yachting clubs was joined by Captain Charteris three years ago, he being proposed—thisan unusual honour — by the Commodore himself. Captain Charteris is a nephew of Lord Wemyss, and has all the family cleverness; his racing cutter has the pretty name of *L'Amoureuse*. Mrs. Charteris, who is as enthusiastic a lover of the sea as her husband, was, before her marriage, Miss Pamela Dyer. Lady Lockhart, the wife of Sir Simon Macdonald Lockhart, has not given up her interest in yachting since her marriage. As a girl, she lived in the Isle of Wight, and was constantly on the sea. Lady Sarah Wilson counts yachting as one of the many forms of sport to which she has always been addicted. It will be remembered that their Majesties lent Lady Sarah's sister, Lady Howe, the Royal yacht, when she was going through a period of tedious convalescence, and all the aunts of the Duke of Marlborough are fond of a seafaring life, and adapt themselves to existence on board ship with great ease. All three of the yachtswomen, whose portraits we publish this week, are noted for their simple and workmanlike yachting frocks and frills — if the latter word can be allowed in such a connection.

Photo by **Mrs. Richard Charteris** [*Kirk*

Whose husband, Captain Charteris, is a popular member of the R.Y.S. Mrs. Charteris is a well-known figure in yachting circles at Cowes

Vicountess Gort

The garden party given by Lady Gort, the mother of the young Viscount, at East Cowes Castle, of which she is the *châtelaine*, was one of the most successful of the entertainments given in honour of the French visitors, and reflects great credit on the hostess. East Cowes Castle is a delightful place, and probably few of the guests, whether French or British, knew what a curious history attached to the building. It is a duplicate of Lough Cooter Castle, near Gort, in Galway, the reason for which is that a former Lord Gort fell in love with East Cowes Castle when he was the guest there of John Nash, the famous architect of the Regency. He declared that he would like to take

Photos by

Lady Sarah Wilson

Who counts yachting among the various sports in which she is an adept

Kirk

Lady Lockhart

Before her marriage with Sir Simon Lockhart, Lady Lockhart always lived in the Isle of Wight

The Hosts of our French Guests

the Castle over to his estate on Lough Cooter; and Nash, taking him at his word, undertook to produce its double there for £50,000. Lord Gort agreed: but it cost him £80,000 first and last; and when the Irish famine had come and gone, the Lough Cooter estate was mortgaged, and at last sold up, under the Encumbered Estates Act, for about a quarter of its value. Since then, however, the family fortunes have been built up again, and, by a pleasant irony, behold the present Viscount installed in the Castle from which the ancestral building was copied.

Photo by] **Viscountess Gort** [*Kirk*

Who gave a garden party to the French Naval Officers at East Cowes Castle, on Tuesday, August 8

Hosts of the French Fleet

The two principal Naval hosts of our French guests at Portsmouth are Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Lucius Douglas and Rear-Admiral H. D. Barry. The former succeeded Sir John Fisher (present First Sea Lord) as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in October, 1904. His appointment caused some surprise in Naval circles, as he was only a Vice-Admiral at the time of his appointment.

He is the first Colonial Naval officer who has held a high command, and for this reason his appointment to command our Fleet in North American waters was essentially popular in Canada. He may also be described as the tutor of the present Japanese Navy, as he was the first Commander of the Japanese Naval College at Tokyo. Admiral Barry is Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard. He recently commanded H.M.S. *Mars* in the Channel Squadron, when our photograph was taken. He is known throughout the Service for his administrative powers, and is thus eminently fitted for the responsible post that he holds. Admiral Barry is, moreover, very popular with all ranks.

Notts and Surrey Match

The highly popular and very complete victory of Surrey in the old-established Notts and Surrey match at the Oval last week is another indication of the vast improvement upon which Surrey has entered since last year. The fixture, of course, is a famous one, dating back over fifty years, and ever since Bank Holidays existed there has been a Surrey team contending with Notts on the Whitsun Monday, and a return match begun on the August festival. But a new interest has been imparted to the match this year; for while 1904 was a hopelessly bad season for Surrey, this year the county

Photos by

Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas

Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth

Mr. G. E. Cousins

Mayor of Portsmouth

Russell

Rear-Admiral H. D. Barry

Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard

THREE PROMINENT ENTERTAINERS OF THE FRENCH FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH

French Officers at East Cowes Castle

Photo by] **Lady Gort in the gardens at East Cowes Castle** [*Debenham*

Seven hundred invitations were issued for the garden party at East Cowes Castle. The guests included Princess Henry of Battenberg (Governor of the Isle of Wight), Princess Christian, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, Lady Constance Butler, the Earl of Harrington, Lord and Lady Tennyson, Lord and Lady Teynham, the Earl and Countess of Arran, the Countess of Orford, Lord Ellenborough, Lord William Cecil, Lady Stanhope, Lord Arthur Butler, Lord and Lady Brassey, Viscountess Cantelupe, and the Marquis and Marchioness Camden

Photo by] **East Cowes Castle, which possesses a curious history** [*Kirk*

A curious history attaches to the Castle. It is the original from which Lough Cooter Castle, near Gort, in Galway, was copied by John Nash, the famous architect of the Regency, at the order of the Lord Gort of that day. The Irish replica was sold up, and now the family are installed in the original from which their ancestral home was copied

A Surrey Crowd at the Oval

Knox

Who, in the second innings, took half the Notts wickets for 56, his *confrère*, Lees, taking the remainder for 64

Lord Dalmeny

The Surrey captain, who made a dashing display in the match against Notts, scoring 58 when it was badly needed

Lees

Who took 8 wickets for 45 runs in the first innings, and 5 wickets for 64 in the second (13 for 109), in the Notts *v.* Surrey match at the Oval

distinguished itself highly, and came within sight of the Championship. This change, which has been of such sensational swiftness, is attributed to the captaincy of Lord Dalmeny in the first place. Lord Rosebery's son and heir, it is well understood, stood out for a free hand, and has submitted to none of that dictation from directors (sometimes, report said, conveyed on to the field of play itself in the shape of a telegram) which used to prevail. Frequent changes of captaincy, too, helped to spoil the 1904 season for Surrey. This year, it is to be hoped, will prove the first of such another splendid run of seasons as the county enjoyed from 1883 to 1899 under Mr. Key. Surrey, it is remembered, has passed through dark days before, from the later sixties onwards, until she

Surrey *v.* Notts at the Oval: The crowd rushing back to their positions after lunch

The Fosters of "Fostershire"

regained the Championship in 1887. Her batting strength is now immensely improved. J. N. Crawford, just down from Repton, did not do so well with the ball as was expected. His two brothers—"V. F. S." and "R. T."—are both county cricketers, while their father, the Rev. J. C. Crawford, in the club matches at Cane Hill, shows that he has not lost the skill which he exhibited for Kent in former days.

R. E. Foster
Who added to his collection of records by an innings of 246 not out in the match against Kent—his first appearance this year

The Fosters of "Fostershire"

Another parson with a family of cricketing sons is the Rev. Henry Foster. The brothers Foster are so prominent as to have given a humorous twist to the name of the county for which they play. "R. E." wrote another bright page in the history of "Fostershire" cricket by his splendid innings of 246 in the match against Kent recently. This is the highest individual score obtained by a Worcestershire batsman against Kent, and the fact of its being made by the batsman on his first appearance in the cricket field this year conjures up thoughts of what he might have done. But it is difficult to be really amazed at the record of R. E. Foster. On three occasions he has made three separate centuries in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lords. For some years he held the record—171—the highest innings in a 'Varsity match. When these feats have been forgotten there will remain his sensational innings of 287 in the Test Match in Australia. His three brothers, "H. K.," "W. L.," and "G. N.," have also given very sound, if less sensational, accounts of themselves in the field. Few fathers can share with the Rev. Henry Foster the pleasure of watching four sons represent their county against the Australians.

A Motor in Java

The globe-trotting automobilist, Mr. C. J. Glidden, who has carried the American flag to the most northerly point reached in motoring, nowhere produced more sensation than in

G. N. Foster

H. K. Foster

Two more of the celebrated Foster brothers, who have helped to give a patronymic twist to the name of their county—Worcestershire

On a "Carriage of Wind" in Java

the island of Java. "Carriage of Wind," the natives called his car, seeing no signs of any other propelling force. Mr. Glidden's high opinion of the island (with which all visitors fall in love) must be gratifying to the Dutch, whose colony it is. Excellent hotels and roads, luxuriant vegetation, ancient ruins, active volcanoes, kindly people—the latter increasing at the rate of 1,000 a day—formed an attractive whole to the weary traveller, who was not very enthusiastic about Australia, which he had visited just before. Java is in many respects a singular country, and calculated to provide surprises for the stranger. For example, it is curious to find that the natives of an island in the South Seas are, for the most part, Mohammedans, having been converted by Arab traders four centuries ago. Christianity is not successful among these Malay children of nature. The island is a paradise of motorists, because all the natives go barefoot, and there is therefore a strong public opinion against any nail or sharp stone on the roadway. Mr. Glidden had a great success at the Court of the Sultan of Java, who, with the Sultana, two concubines, and the golden umbrella of ceremony, took a ride in the car. The first civilisation of Java was the work of Hindu conquerors, whose carvings and temples are to be seen to-day. The Dutch rule the people through their own chiefs. The Javanese are, by the consent of all travellers in that region, a wonderfully happy and cheerful race. Dutch government is remarkably successful and original in some ways. For instance, they discourage both opium and gambling, and they live much closer to and much more mingled with the natives (even to the point of marrying) than do the British in India. The scenery of the island is the most delightful in the world, according to enthusiasts.

The Sultana of Java

Copy of photo presented to Mr. C. J. Glidden by the Sultan at Lolo. Mr. Glidden, it will be recalled, has made a tour of the world in a Napier car

With Mr. C. J Glidden in Java: Posts that mark the entrance into a Java town

The Maharajah of Mysore's Birthday Week

SPORT IN INDIA

H.H. The Maharajah of Mysore Captain Macquoid
Colonel Desaraj Urs Resldr. Murad Bey

The Hon. Mr. Williams, Resident at Mysore, making a speech to the winners of the Polo Tournament before presenting the prizes

H.H. the Maharajah of Mysore, on the occasion of his birthday, has established a week's festival, including polo, golf, races, and other amusements. A great gathering assembled on June 15 at Ootacamund, from all parts of Southern India. This year the Maharajah's team, including His Highness, won the Cup.

In the final match, on June 21, the Imperial Service Lancers beat Secunderabad Gymkhana by five goals and three subsidiaries to three goals. It was an excellent galloping game. At the end of the third period of play the Gymkhana were leading, but in the fourth, the Lancers scored three goals, and won as stated. The Maharajah himself played a very fine game, and scored two goals. Colonel Desaraj Urs scored two goals, and Murad Bey one. Captain Macquoid did an immense amount of work, and kept the team well together.

Photos by *Wiele and Klein*

A Group of Guests at the Maharajah of Mysore's Birthday Breakfast Party

Alpine Climbing—The Real

Zermatt, the "Climber's Paradise," at the foot of the Matterhorn

Fifty years ago, Zermatt was a simple Alpine village of small black wooden houses, but after the Matterhorn had been several times ascended, attention was directed towards the little Swiss village as an admirable centre for climbers, and the railway companies set to work to make the place accessible, with the result that Zermatt has developed into a town containing some of the finest hotels in Switzerland

Preparing for the ascent of the Matterhorn

The months of July, August, and early September, bring literally thousands of visitors to Zermatt, most of them for the purpose of seeing, yet many for climbing, the famous Matterhorn peak. It is just forty years ago that the ascent was first made by Mr. Edward Whymper and others—an adventure which, it will be remembered, ended in the death of Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, Mr. Hudson, and the guide, Michael Croz, who fell over a precipice some 4,000 ft. high. Expectations that the body of Lord Francis Douglas would be given up by the glacier have been revived this year

Alpine Climbing—The Ideal

A "BYSTANDER" GIRL IN SWITZERLAND

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

FROM ABROAD

The Latest Morocco Scare

"The only real question is"—as any old resident will tell you—"who is to have Morocco? And, for the last thirty years, we, whose daily bread and perhaps life itself depend on the answer, have been awaiting the grim solution."

This is the point of view of some thousands of Europeans dwelling in the poetic Land of Sunset, including a few hundred Englishmen, together with their wives and children. The morality of the query troubles no one—except the Moors themselves. And recent occurrences in the southern and more mysterious portion of the Sultanate throw a dazzling flashlight on the possibilities of the immediate future.

This handsome yacht, *L'Aigle*, with its party of French military surveyors, is said by the Moors to be playing the part of *agent provocatif*. Photographed by an English lady-resident of Mogador

How did the present trouble arise? To us it seems a mere trifle. But to the sons of Sunset Land—and there are a million of them, fighting men every one—it has become a fierce reality. From Tangier to Tafilalt, from Mogador to the further confines of the Moroccan Soudan, the word has been borne, by couriers, by caravans, and, as it were—in the marvellous Oriental fashion—by a bird of the air, that France is about to attempt to wrest from the Faithful the soil they have ruled for twelve centuries. Some colour has been given to the rumour by the appearance on the Morocco coast of certain reconnoitring expeditions, notably that on board the yacht *L'Aigle*, which quite recently landed at Mogador, and made a minute and ostentatious survey of the fortifications and other strategic points. In carrying out their task, the representatives of France were hooted and mobbed by the populace, and shot at by the garrison. The tribes are being hastily summoned to defend the coast against "Christian" aggression, and—thanks, it would seem, to the indiscretion of the reconnoitring force—Europe may, at any moment, be startled by an

One of the forts at Mogador dismantled by the French in their last war with Morocco

Observe the guns still lying on the beach

Who is to have Morocco?

Beach Gate of Mogador, where the French reconnoitring expedition was fired on by the garrison

outburst of anti-foreign ferocity unknown since the days of Arabi Pasha's rebellion. It is to be hoped that France will recall her too zealous emissaries before further mischief is done. R. L. N. JOHNSTON.

One of the sea gates of the Picture City, Mogador

Trinidad: The Commercial Aspect

Cocoa in the Raw: Natives breaking the pods

The Island of Trinidad is one of the most prosperous of our West Indian possessions. The value of its exports is well over one million pounds sterling annually, of which amount the value of the cocoa industry forms a very large item. This Island is, in fact, the third largest cocoa-producing country in the world, and it is the largest cocoa producer in the British Empire. Its other exports include sugar, asphalt, rum, coffee, tobacco, bitters, and fruit—chiefly bananas and oranges. A very fine variety of seedless orange is also cultivated

Cocoa exhibits in the Trinidad Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at the Crystal Palace

A slight idea can be obtained from this photograph of the variety of the products of Trinidad. One of the chief products, besides cocoa, is asphalt, which is a great source of income to the Government. Half the cities in the world are paved with asphalt from the great lake in this Island. The Trinidad Court is one of the most interesting features of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The Trinidad, Jamaica, and Barbadoes Exhibits have been arranged under the auspices of the West India Committee

Trinidad: The Picturesque Aspect

A BAMBOO GROVE IN THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD

Although there is no lack of commerce and trade between Trinidad and all parts of the world, the Island, though small, is by no means covered with a "forest of chimney pots," but contains some of the most exquisite scenes of tropical beauty that it is possible to imagine. Trinidad possesses one of the safest anchorages in the world, and it is likely to become the headquarters in the West Indies of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company

CONCERNING EARL DE GREY

August is a month to which a vast number of people of all kinds look forward, from the bored and hard-whipped legislator at St. Stephen's to the humble patron of the Bank Holiday excursion. But to no man does it mean more than to Earl de Grey, opening as it does for him the time of his triumphs. "Grous Shooting," say all the almanacks, with pleasing unanimity, at the date of August 12. For some it may be a season of disappointment, of eyes that are "out," or of nerves that are shaky. But wherever there is Lord de Grey on the moor and the common, or red, grouse flying over it, there will be trouble for perhaps four grouse in the air at once, and a copious addition to the visible supply of cold game.

Drawing up a list of the leaders in the various departments of British sport would be a wearisome and almost a dangerous task. There would be a good many houses to which the judicious compiler and selector would not be asked again. But under one of the heads at least there would be no offended second-bests: Lord de Grey's renown as a game-shot has been for some time without challengers. He is admitted to be the finest in the world, and but a few (Lord Walsingham, for instance, who has written the history of some of Lord de Grey's feats) could hope on their best of days to keep even with him. The word "game," moreover, has to be given the wid st interpretation in his case It includes tigers, for instance; as it should in the case of a man whose father was Viceroy of India at a time when the son's shooting was already famous.

He was born in 1852, when his father was still M.P. for Hull, and just beginning that political career which raised him in later years to high office, to a Marquisate, and to the position of Viceroy; a career which makes him perhaps the most striking figure in the ranks of living Liberal statesmen. Lord Ripon's son and heir has chosen a different way of life; though he did represent Ripon in the House of Commons for six years before he was thirty. He has achieved distinction less by the way of politics than by the way of the Court: not to mention the way of a bird in the air, which has made him a more secure reputation than could any Parliamentary triumph. So it is that he occupies to-day the post of Treasurer to the Queen's Household, and is a K.C.V.O.

He bears the historic English family name of Robinson, as did his Elizabethan ancestor who raised it to mayoral honours in York, and founded the Parliamentary traditions of the line as representative of that city. He is very quiet and self-contained, which accounts for his wonderful shooting, and may account for his wearing a beard. His wife, who was first married to the late Earl of Lonsdale, is a sister of the late Earl of Pembroke, and a distinguished leader of Society. Music is an art that shares Lord de Grey's devotion with his favourite sport, and he and Lady de Grey are among the foremost patrons of the Italian opera in London.

"Nothing venture, nothing have"

The First Game-shot in the World

DRAWN BY OSCAR LARUM

Counter Attractions

Photo by

THE CROWD ALONG THE

Cowes is such an aristocratic fixture, that one is apt to overlook the fact that the populace also have to be catered for. W

amusements as

Side of the Regatta

Illustrations Bureau

FRONT AT COWES REGATTA

While the big-wigs are absorbed in the races, the lesser lights that throng the front are regaled with such time-honoured sea-side nigger minstrels

OUR SHORT STORY

THE PUNISHMENT

By MADELINE MACRAE

Gerald Fane returned to the breakfast-room, where his guests were still seated. He looked grave, and apologised for his absence, explaining that the village constable had come up to see him about something.

"Poor Mr. Fane," laughed Miss Manners. "No wonder you look worried."

"What's that?" asked Phillip Ludney, from the sideboard. "The police after Fane? Never mind, old chap, we'll disguise you as a woman, and smuggle——"

"Don't," interrupted Fane gravely, "Don't laugh over it, for Heaven's sake. It's—there's been a suicide in the lake—a woman. Naturally they came to me. Eva not down yet?"

"Did you see the body?" asked Miss Manners eagerly.

Gerald Fane's sun-burned face wore the slightest frown as he turned to her. He hated to go on discussing the thing. "No," he said, shortly, "they had taken it away. They seem to think it was a stranger—nobody from the village, thank goodness! I said I'd go down some time this forenoon, but I probably shan't know more than they do."

"Didn't you tell me once," said Ludney, "about something of this kind before?"

Miss Manners gave a little shiver, "How awful!" she exclaimed, opening in horror a pair of very grey eyes. "Really, Mr. Fane?"

"Yes, but that was before I bought this place, a couple of years ago. I wish to goodness that people would begin to go elsewhere when they want——"

He broke off abruptly as his wife entered the room. She had been nervous and generally run down for some weeks, and he thought it might, perhaps, be just as well that she heard as little as possible about the tragedy of that morning. Gerald Fane had some bad points—very many, people used to say—but his wife was the light of his eyes, and the Gerald she had known had neither respect nor affection for the one whom she had not known.

Eva Fane came slowly in, wearing the coolest of white morning gowns. She had a way, peculiarly her own, of wearing her clothes. They seemed at once to catch, as it were, some of her own graceful personality. She now greeted the girl, and shook hands with Ludney. Fane rang the bell.

"I am a perfectly shocking hostess," she remarked, as Ludney drew in a chair for her. "That's just the delicious part of you people; you let me treat you simply abominably. I hope Gerald does not starve you when I'm late!" She looked up smilingly at the six feet of husband that stood silently by the side of her chair.

"Oh, have you heard, Eva—"

Miss Manners broke off blunderingly, silenced by a warning glance from Fane.

"Yes. I know. Isn't it terrible? One of the gardeners told Whiteman, and she was very full of it. How these people," she shuddered a little, "love all the grim details."

"Rather a chilly way of going out, I should think," said Ludney lightly. "I shall do it in a much cleaner, quieter way if I am ever driven to anything as desperate." He glanced plaintively down the table at Miss Manners, but Miss Manners absolutely declined to meet his eye.

"Poor woman," said Eva Fane softly. She wondered vaguely if the dead woman had been bad. Badness, to Eva Fane, was an abstract term with a very indistinct meaning. She had herself lived such a very sheltered life until she married Gerald, and Gerald—well, there was nobody quite like Gerald. He was Gerald. Oh, she was a very lucky woman! (Gerald, to do him justice, had certainly tried hard to live up to Eva's faith in him.)

All that morning Eva felt unaccountably depressed. Lunch-time came, and Gerald had not yet returned.

"Where can he be?" said Eva, looking wistfully at the empty chair. "The police station could only have taken him a few minutes. Oh, it must be terrible for him to have to see a drowned person. Death is a dreadful thing!"

"Very likely he's gone to see that new mare that Captain Goring was telling him about," suggested Miss Manners tactfully. "I think, now, that I heard him say something about 'Don't wait for me if I'm late!'" She did not think so, and she had heard him say nothing; but a lie in a good cause is different from any other kind of lie.

"Yes, he's probably there," echoed Ludney. "They'd be certain to keep him for lunch. Poor old Fane! I know Bertie Goring's long-windedness of old!"

After lunch, Eva went for a stroll with Ludney and Gertie Manners. She felt limp and tired, and soon suggested their going on by themselves for a longer walk. "I'll rest here for a bit," she said, "and then go slowly home."

"I don't at all like deserting you, dear," demurred Miss Manners, undecidedly; and Ludney, with evident reluctance, suggested that they should all three stay.

"Nonsense," said Eva. "If you say that, I shall feel compelled to accompany you both for

(All rights strictly reserved.)

Continued on page 340)

REASONABLE ECONOMY

COUNTRY EDITOR: "I was surprised you did not put a notice of your brother's death in our paper, Thomas"

"Well, zur, I 'ears you charges a shillun a inch in *T' Chronicle*, zur. So as Jahn was six feet, us didn't put 'un in

DRAWN BY GEO. BELCHER

(Continued from page 338)

a twenty-mile walk, and, if I did suddenly collapse on the way, you might find some difficulty in getting the body home! Oh, the way to the Mill Woods? Keep right on over three fields—stiles, poor Gertie—till you come to the river, and there you will find quite a gentle, civilised foot-path. When you begin to feel anything as sordid as pangs of hunger, come home for tea."

"Tea!" Ludney's brown eyes met her's for a moment, and she smiled back at him with infinite sympathy. Gertie Manners always said that a smile like Eva's was in itself one woman's share of beauty!

And so, laughingly, they parted, and Ludney and Miss Manners were soon out of sight among the trees.

"It was noble of them to offer to remain," said Eva to herself. "Ludney is a brick, and Gertie will make just the right wife for him." She smiled again, remembering her own happiness just at its beginning. Gerald was an angel! And then, as she looked across the sunlit park, her smile froze suddenly. There was the little lake, bright and glittering in the sunshine. With a flash she remembered. Poor drowned woman, what had made her do it? Eva Fane, short-sighted in her own happiness, thought of possible hunger—poverty.

Moved by a morbid curiosity, she got up and walked over to the little lake. It was quiet and peaceful enough here now. It had rained heavily the night before, and there were many footprints just at one place, but otherwise nothing looked disturbed. The water rippled softly, and the masses of wild yellow iris at one side moved gently against each other. Eva walked slowly a little further round the edge, and looked wonderingly into the clear water; she half expected, perhaps, to see those wide-open, dead eyes looking up at her. Something white lay in the water just at her feet. It was a soaked white envelope, addressed to her husband. Odd, she thought, for Gerald had not been here for quite a long time. As she picked it up, the sodden envelope fell apart in her hands, leaving a blurred sheet of paper, with close, small writing. She sat down on the bank, and read it to the end.

Half an hour afterwards she still sat there, staring at the water with a white, blank face. Stray sentences seemed to have graven themselves into her brain. It could not be Gerald. There was some horrible mistake! Gerald was not this kind of man. It was impossible that he could have done this thing. And it was to marry herself—Eva—that he had turned this woman adrift—cast her off like an old glove! He had given her money—given generously—that was not the plaint of the letter. This woman had loved him, this first woman. It ought to have been this strange dead woman—— "You are married now," the letter had said, "to a woman good enough to sit at the head of your table. I have seen her. She is beautiful! Strange, isn't it, that you should be there, and that I should be—here? I had thought of going to her and telling her a little of the truth about you—introducing myself—just to make the end a trifle dramatic. But, after all, I won't. You are not worth it! Live with her, and lie to her, and deceive her as you deceived me! As for myself——" Gerald, was this Gerald? Now she remembered things—mere whispers. Othe[illegible] then—— Her lips moved sott[illegible] back," she murmured again an[illegible] go back."

. . . . .

Phillip Ludney and Miss Manners were [illegible] in getting back from their walk. Fane was [illegible] restlessly up and down the terrace when they came through the long French window from the drawing-room, and announced to him the not altogether surprising news of their engagement. He looked white and worried, and offered absent-minded congratulations, explaining that he had a racking headache.

"Ah, I forgot," said Ludney. "You've been interviewing the drowned lady, of course. Poor chap! Thought you looked a little tragic! Where's Mrs. Fane?"

Fane winced. Eva? Wasn't she out with you? I—I haven't seen her since—since—breakfast. I went for a long walk, a[illegible] ——"

"We left her down [illegible] the park," said Miss Manners, interrupting him. "She sent us, Phillip and I, on for a longer walk, and said she would come home slowly by herself. Where can she be, Phil?"

"Probably come in, and is lying down, or something," suggested Ludney. "Always seems to be somebody lost in this house!"

"I'll run up to her room and see," said the girl. "Dear Eva, I must be the first person to tell her."

"Tell her what?" asked Ludney, teasingly.

Miss Manners looked at him coldly. "A secret," she replied. "Nothing to do with you, of course." As she disappeared through one of the French windows she looked over her shoulder. "Wait here for me!" they heard her call to them.

When Gertrude Manners returned a few minutes later, the terrace appeared deserted. At last she saw that Fane stood at the far-away end, his elbows upon the wall, and his head bowed upon his hands. "Where's Phillip?" she asked at once.

"He'll be back directly. He said he was going for a bit of a stroll down towards the lake. Found Eva?"

"No. Perhaps she's gone to sleep or something. Let's go down there; very likely Phillip has met her. I'll get a hat if you wait for a moment."

They walked down the park together. Now the afternoon was old, and their shadows fell, long and thin, upon the grass. The very leaves of the trees seemed to have been brushed over with a golden yellow. Suddenly a man's figure appeared, running.

"Hullo, here's Ludney! What's the matter, old chap? You seem ——"

But Ludney stopped him with a gesture. His face was pale, and his breath seemed to come in little, broken gasps. He laid an imperative hand upon Fane's arm. "Don't come on," he said, unsteadily. "For God's sake come back to the house. She—there's been an accident. Fane, I say! Fane!"

But Gerald Fane had pushed past him, and was running towards the lake. MADELINE MACRAE.

COMFORTING!

"H-have you seen a bull about in this field?"

"Naw. A'm lookin' for th:ee that hev strayed:"

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

Spanish Sharps and British Flats

By G. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER

We all have our castles in Spain, built or building, but, if we wished to take up our residence within their airy fabric, they would not prove to be more elusive than an exclusively Spanish product whose appeal is being perpetually addressed to Englishmen. Most people must have heard, at one time or another, of the famous "Spanish Prisoner." Many have listened, unfortunately for themselves, to his tales of wealth. But these latter usually keep their own counsel as to their acquaintance with the mysterious personality of the elusive stranger, lest they should have to lay bare a story of fairy gold turning into a handful of withered leaves, and an unkind public exhibit indecent mirth at their expense. The mirth would be justifiable, for if cupidity and credulity did not so often go hand in hand, the "Spanish Prisoner" would not find one victim in a century.

Swindle Flourishing After Fifty Years

But human nature being what it is, there is no lack of victims ready to be drawn into the Spanish Prisoner's net. He has only to cast it far enough and he may be certain of his prey. There are always people to whom the mere mention of treasure to be won without working for it, is sufficient to destroy any small amount of reasoning faculty of which they may be possessed. So, although the Spanish Prisoner swindle has been perpetrated for half a century, it is still flourishing, and, no doubt, providing a comfortable means of subsistence for some dozen or two needy Spanish gentlemen who would disdain to earn their living by honest labour.

Years ago, the means by which he secured his spoil were simple in the extreme. A farmer, or a village publican living in some remote country village, would one day receive a letter couched in broken English from an unknown correspondent. When he had spelled out its meaning, he would learn that the writer had, some years ago, buried some treasure in the neighbourhood of his home, after making a careful plan of the spot. This treasure the writer would describe as the proceeds of a fraud, usually the realisation of an estate which should have gone to satisfy his creditors in bankruptcy, and he would further describe himself as being in prison through his failure to satisfy his creditors, or for some other offence against the laws of his own country. Finally, he announces that it is for the benefit of his daughter that he has hidden away the treasure, and if the recipient of the letter would only remit £20 or £30 to pay the daughter's travelling expenses, the girl would come over, bringing with her the plan, and he would be presented with half the hidden treasure for his pains.

Modern Variations

But more recently the story has been elaborated to a considerable extent, though occasionally the simple form is still made use of. Instead of burying the treasure, the up-to-date prisoner declares that he has deposited his fortune in some British bank of repute, receiving in exchange a credit note, which has been hidden in the lining of a portmanteau or the secret drawer of a trunk. Unfortunately, this receptacle has been seized by the officials, and a sum of money, ranging from £50 to £500, is needed to redeem it. But he still has a daughter, and he has been befriended by the prison chaplain, through whom he is enabled to conduct his correspondence. He is, also, seriously ill, possibly on the verge of dissolution, and, knowing the British reputation for honesty, he is desirous of finding a guardian for his daughter at the price of half the treasure. Following this letter, within a few days, comes a further communication, in this case purporting to come from the chaplain, who announces that the unfortunate prisoner has succumbed to his illness, and begs for sufficient money to be forwarded, either to pay the daughter's passage, or to redeem the trunk with the precious securities contained therein. Accompanying the letter are, usually, a number of official-looking documents, which purport to relate to the seizure of the trunk, and the death of the unfortunate prisoner.

It is a melancholy reflection that anybody should still be bamboozled by this form of the confidence trick, for it is nothing else. In England, constant warnings have been published regarding it, both by Scotland Yard and in the Press. But now and again one sees, in local papers, paragraphs announcing the good fortune which has befallen some lucky individual in an out-of-the-way corner of the country, which would seem to show that, even amongst editors, there are some who are not aware of the nature of this venerable trick. Last year, too, there were particulars of cases published which show how profitably the game can be worked amongst the simple sons of Great Britain. In three cases in England, the "prisoner" bagged no less than £525, and it was announced, not long ago, that from the small farmers in County Clare, these swindlers successfully collected no less than £200 in the course of a few months; so that it is clear the game is a profitable one.

In fact, so profitable is it, that some few years ago, when the fraud had been very widely successful, complaints were made by the British Government to Spain, with the result that a sort of inquiry was made, and a few persons put in prison at Barcelona, which is one of the chief centres of the industry. It was then revealed that the operators worked directly in league with the Barcelona post-office, whose officials winked at the proceedings; and in a more recent instance, the fraud was found to be carried on from the inside of a prison, where the discipline was lax enough to allow of the prisoner in this way to provide himself with some of the luxuries from which he would otherwise be debarred.

"Woman's Rights" among the Indians

From Stereograph, Copyright] **Hopi Indian Beauties Pounding Corn** *[Underwood and Underwood*

The Hopi Indians live on the border of Arizona, in New Mexico. They are probably the descendants of the original cliff dwellers. In the Hopi tribe, girls are married between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, and are held in great esteem by their Indian husbands. The women do only the lightest work, and are consulted on all transactions of note. Before marriage, a girl's hair is done up in two large whorls, which represent the squash blossom, the Hopi emblem of purity and maidenhood

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSE

Criterion Theatre

There is a capital bill at the Criterion. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is so amusing *per se* that he is able to carry off the inanities of the comedy in one act entitled, *Time is Money*. Sidney Bowkett's little comedy, *Lucky Miss Dean*, achieved a most gratifying success. It was a pleasure to hear on the first night the warm, encouraging tones in which the audience yelled for "author"! Mr. Bowkett's name is not so familiar that many were able to recall with any degree of certainty his previous work for the stage; so to all intents and purposes we may welcome him as a newcomer. The idea of his little comedy is audacious and amusing. We know, and do not altogether respect, the stage artist who suffers from unrecognition. But Frederick Ware is a new and refreshing type. His boyish humour is very catching, and we grin when he gets a newspaper friend to insert a romantic story in a morning paper to the effect that a wealthy patron, struck by Ware's portrait of his wife (*née* Acacia Dean), has left a large fortune to that lucky young woman. The grin becomes a hearty laugh when the excited author brings on the *Daily Mail* and searches feverishly through the columns for his romantic paragraph. This episode, differently handled, might have been unfunny, and even offensive; but I am sure the critic of the *Daily Mail* appreciated the joke as well as anyone. The piece is ingeniously drawn out to cover the allotted space of three acts, and the fun never flags seriously.

Miss Alice Crawford

Who recently took the part of Josephine in *The Creole* at the Haymarket, and has been engaged for a period of three years at the Haymarket, under Mr. Frederick Harrison's management

Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. H. Marsh Allen take the piece at a hand gallop throughout. It is the pace that makes, and not kills, a farcical comedy of this species. Mr. George Elton's Valetudinarian, with an eye to the main chance where a wealthy, and supposedly unmarried, cousin are concerned, was a creation that gave joy to the beholder. The rôle was nothing, but Mr. Elton was a great deal. His first appearance was great with promise. The author did little to help the actor, but Mr. Elton made bricks without straw. His performance was a little comedy cameo.

Bernard Shaw and Other

"[illegible]oclasts: A Book of Dramatists" (T. Werner Laurie), by James Huneker, a distinguished American critic, makes good reading. There are some critics who reveal a series of masterpieces by the searchlight of their own genius. A work to them exists merely in relation to their own standards and ideals. This species of critic is entertaining so long as his personality stands the strain of constant exploitation. Mr. Huneker is not of these. He is refreshingly impersonal. He makes his little ring of dramatists explain themselves. He is judge, not advocate. So many critics are special pleaders, that Mr. Huneker's book is quite refreshing. This series of essays puts before the reader contemporary thought upon the "breakers of images," among whom are numbered Ibsen, Strindberg, Becque, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Gorky, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck — and Bernard Shaw.

On a theatre poster or playbill it is the name after the "and" that matters. So, in this series of instructive and entertaining essays, the appreciation of Bernard Shaw is the most important. It is the most personal. I have said that the impersonal nature of Mr. Huneker's work presents its chief charm. The personal note in "The Quintessence of Shaw" heightens that charm by contrast. The author claims to have played the part of a critical finger-post to Shaw for the benefit of the great American public. Judging by the insight he shows into the meaning of Shaw, this would appear to be no idle boast. But Shaw is not a stable quantity. Always before the public in some new guise, he, day by day, becomes more like Shaw or less like Shaw — it matters little. Mr. Huneker may at some future time bring his essay a step further in point of time, and deal with the latest Shaw, the Shaw who entered the arena with quip and crank to demolish a plain, ordinary critic (Mr. Baughan will forgive me), and was badly worsted in the encounter.

at the

Another attempt is to be made to put the *revue* upon the English variety stage. The musical skit upon events of the day and the life of the town, which is such an amusing feature of the Paris Halls, has not yet met with success in London. I can recall a *revue* at the Tivoli last year, which, though clever in spots, had not the wit and facile charm of the French prototype. Mr. Alfred Butt announces the production of a *revue* at the Palace shortly, written by Mr. G. R. Sims, and composed by Mr. Herman Finck, the musical director of the Palace. It is no secret that the variety stage has suffered in the general depression in the world of entertainment. In the case of the theatres, one reason has been the dearth of good plays. Perhaps the quality of the entertainment on the variety stage has had, in like manner, something to do with thin houses. The successful production of a *revue* would give music-hall managers a fresh field for their enterprise in catering for the amusements of the public. E. C. S.

Photo by] **Mr. David Devant** [*Ellis and Walery*

The well-known conjurer and illusionist

A Successful Conjurer

Mr. David Devant has now become the Managing Partner to Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, who, for a great many years, with the late Mr. Cooke, drew crowded audiences to the mysterious and amusing performances at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. Since the demolition of that building the entertainment has been removed to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, where it is now known as "Maskelyne and Devant's Mysteries." Mr. Devant is the inventor of a large number of illusions, including the "Artist's Dream," the "Birth of Flora," and the "Mascot Moth."

The Tivoli

In the holiday programme now being submitted to patrons at the Tivoli, we note the re-appearance of Little Tich after his Australian tour, and the inclusion of Mr. Harry Paulton's episode, *A Marriage Muddle*. He is assisted by Mr. Harry Paulton, Jun., Miss Agnes Paulton, and Miss Dorothy Drew, a versatile young actress, who has been a member of Sir Henry Irving's and Mr. George Edwardes's companies.

Mr. G. P. Huntley starting from his residence for a Continental tour a 12 h.-p. Pipe Car he has just purchased from the London Motor Garage, Ltd.

The Library

Messrs. Routledge have rendered another service to the literary student by their reprint of the *Novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn* (6*s.* net) in the "Early Novelists" series. The first novel, "The Royal Slave," more familiar under the title of "Oroonoko," is the best known of these early novels, and is the first emancipation novel in the language—in fact, one had almost said the first novel in the language. "Tom Jones" has many supporters for this honour, chief, perhaps, among whom was Sir Walter Scott, while a recent writer, Mr. Halliday Sparling, claims the honour for "Robinson Crusoe" in his introduction to Defoe's "Captain Singleton" (Scott Library: 1*s.*). Before attempting to say which is the first English novel, it is necessary to answer the question, "What is a novel?" Stopford Brooke, on this point, says: "Wholly distinct from *merely narrative stories like Defoe's*, the true novel is a story wrought round the passion of love to a tragic or joyous conclusion," and Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko" certainly answers to this definition. But whether or no "Oroonoko" can lay claim to the distinction of being the first English novel, its author was certainly the first of that numerous band of English women who have earned their livelihood with the pen, and while her plays, with their Restoration coarseness and immorality, are best forgotten, in spite of their wit, "Oroonoko," apart from its intrinsic merit, is worthy a place on the bookman's shelves as a notable link in our literature, as well as for its being the work of a very remarkable woman. At least, her contemporaries thought so, for she was buried in 1689 in Westminster Abbey.

Of interest to readers possessing a taste for prints without the necessary money for indulging themselves in the expensive pastime of collecting originals, is a new work, just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, *The Etchings by Van Dyck*, which gives, in Rembrandt photogravure, the full size of the original proofs, and exact facsimiles of all the unquestioned first states. The book, edited by Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow, contains twenty-two first states and two second states, and includes the famous unique proofs in the collections of the Duke of Devonshire and the Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The illustrations in the *edition de luxe* are all represented in carbon-print photographs. This volume on the *Etchings by Van Dyck* is to be followed by a similar monograph on the incomparable drawings by Ingres. The same publishers have also issued the first volume in their "Artists of the Present Day" series, also edited by Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow—that entitled *In the Open Country*, the work of Lucy E. Kemp-Welch.

Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head, has just published a reprint of Disraeli's *Coningsby, or the New Generation*, in his little eighteenpenny pocket library. This book, on its appearance in 1844, had an immediate success, as was only to be expected, seeing that its author was among the foremost politicians of his day. There is much deep political thought in *Coningsby*, and the following definition, culled at random, seems as true to-day (if we may venture to say so without being accused of partisanship) as it was in Disraeli's day. "Conservatism," said the wiliest and slipperiest of its defenders, "was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government." If you do not already possess a copy of *Coningsby*, this is an excellent little edition; and we understand that Disraeli's other novels are also published in the same form and at the same price.

Mr. Edward Hutton's book, *The Cities of Umbria*, which Messrs. Methuen have just published, should prove welcome to the many lovers of Italy who wish for a more detailed knowledge of her saints, painters, and cities, than any guide-book offers. This volume is divided into three parts, one of which deals with Umbria as Italia Mystica, the second with the Painters of the Umbrian School, and the third part with the various cities. There are twenty reproductions in colour of some water-colour drawings by Mr. A. Pisa, and there are also twelve reproductions of famous pictures in monotone. Much space in the book is devoted to "the poor little one," as he loved to call himself, St. Francis of Assissi, and the illustrations of Assissi, are particularly rich and warm in colour, and will make a strong appeal to lovers of that most entrancing little book, "The Fioretti, or Little Flowers of St. Francis," a translation of which Messrs. Dent publish in their excellent "Temple Classics" at two shillings. It matters not whether one has or has not visited Assissi, or whether one's religious tendencies are sympathetic, "The Fioretti," with its delightful quaintnesses, stands as the spiritual biography of a strong and simple soul, and as such it has its lovers the world over. Mr. Hutton's *Cities of Umbria* will make a fitting bookshelf companion, together with the famous life of the Saint, written by M. Paul Sabatier two or three years ago.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature

Brittany. Painted by Mortimer Menpes, and described by Dorothy Menpes. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.*)

The Cities of Umbria. By Edward Hutton. With twenty illustrations in colour by A. Pisa. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Royal Slave and other Novels. By Mrs. Aphra Behn. Edited by E. A. Baker. (Routledge's Early Novelists Library: 6*s.*)

Iconoclasts. A Book of Dramatists. By James Huneker. (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s.*) For review, see page 344.

New Fiction

Vivien. By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Tommy Carteret. By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

His Mascot. By L. T. Meade. (John Long: 6*s.*)

The Fortuna Filly. By Howel Scratton. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

The Marquis of Putney. By Richard Marsh. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The New Minister. By Orme Angus. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

The Lady of Lyte. By Graham Hope. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

One of the latest of Messrs. A. and C. Black's magnificent colour books is one on *Brittany*, which contains seventy-five illustrations in colour by Mortimer Menpes, all of which have been engraved and printed at the Menpes Press. Two of these illustrations, in which, unfortunately, the colour is lost, are reproduced in our two succeeding pages, and serve to show that Mr. Menpes is as happy in choosing his types as he is in conveying them to us by means of his charming sketches. Mr. Menpes is, if we may use the term in this connection, a humanist. He studies human nature—Breton human nature in this instance—both indoors and out, with the result that by far the greater number of his pictures depict Breton types—men, women, and children—with a rare fidelity. It is true there are pictures of quaint nooks, such as abound in old-world Brittany, but nearly always with a harmonising figure, which makes us regard these pictures with an added interest. The letterpress, by Miss Dorothy Menpes, is of that pleasant discursive order which is informative, yet always bright and easy to read. Of Vitré, which, with its wonderful effects of light and shade, mostly produced by the hand of time, seems "made for the etcher," Miss Menpes gives the following quaint description:—"Madonnas, crucifixes, pictures of saints in glass cases, and statuettes of the Virgin, meet you at every turn, for the inhabitants are proverbially a religious people. A superstitious yet guilty conscience would have a trying time in Vitré. In entering a shop, St. Joseph peers down upon you from a niche above the portal; at every street corner, in every market, and in all kinds of quaint and unexpected places, saints and angels look out at you." This book is a charming addition to a charming series.

G. F. J.

A Bookman's Gossip

Our First Reading

"Claudius Clear," who has the enviable gift of initiating subjects of discussion that bring in excellent "copy" to the editorial mill, has recently been drawing his readers on the subject of the books which they recollect to have read first of all. Himself, he is a marvel at remembering, and obviously retains a quite vivid recollection of reading Dr. Todd's "Lectures to Children" "at a very tender age," as Artemus Ward used to say. The first book I read was entitled, "The First Printer's Early Days," and as I received this as a school prize at the age of seven, I have no difficulty in fixing the date. I retain a clear recollection of the story, and two or three years later I got it again in a more extended form, but with the same woodcuts and crudely-coloured frontispiece, under the title of "The Noble Printer and his Adopted Daughter." To this day the doggerel lines which the Strasburg boys called after Gutenberg when he went about are often sounding in my mind's ear:

> Gutenberg the printer, so clever and so civil,
> Keeps in his printing-house a little printer's devil.

I suspect that the early reading of these books may have had something to do with dooming me later to a life in which the smell of printers' ink and the noise of the presses are to me as the ozone and the far-resounding sea to the sailor. But I should imagine that almost anyone can recall without difficulty the first book he read, since in the majority of cases it will be found to be a school prize, and this, by the way, indicates how important a matter is the choice of prize-books for children. "Claudius Clear" was born a bookman, and that is why he had the fortitude as a child to read a work with the repellent title of "Lectures." For my part, I have never seen matter less suited to young people than that contained in the numerous books which are now published as "Talks with the Children," and so forth, and I have half a mind to hunt up Todd's lectures just to see what young "Claudius" delighted in. My own tastes, as a youngster, were extremely debased, and, if the truth must out, I have to confess that I preferred "Sweeney Todd" and "Handsome Harry of the Fighting Belvedere" to "The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar." By the way, it may be worth mentioning that "The Little Woodman" is one of the most popular books ever written, and now, after close on half a century, it sells annually in thousands.

Breton girl praying to Virgin

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black, from their new colour book, 'Brittany," by Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes.) *(See page 346)*

Lady Travellers and Novelists

Sooner or later, everybody who writes anything writes a novel—one, at least. Now and then some, more audacious than the rest, write a second, and when they commit a third, you can conclude that they have got it badly. There is Mrs. Archibald Little, for instance, one of our leading authorities on China, who has given us some of the best books about the Flowery Land that we possess—she has frequent relapses into novel-writing, but never succeeds so completely in fiction as in the description of her actual experiences. I am glad that her new book, which Mr. Unwin is publishing, is to rank with "The Land of the Blue Gown," and "Intimate China," and her other works of that class, all so bright and informative. It is entitled, "Round About My Peking Garden." Mr. and Mrs. Little are at present in London, though both their hearts are in China, I am sure; they have come to look upon it as their real homeland. Mrs. Little is a charming conversationalist, and so ubiquitous a literary gossip, that I fancy she goes back to the East, after one of her visits here, feeling as much in touch with literary London as though she had never left it. She has done some excellent work for the Tien Tsu Hui, or Anti-foot-binding Society of China, on whose behalf she has travelled and lectured to the natives in many

parts of the country, as she describes in so interesting a manner in "The Land of the Blue Gown." Another lady, who has also made a special study of the Chinese, is Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, who has just written what I fancy is her second novel, "A Woman and Her Talent," published by Blackwood, a very pleasant story with an American heroine. It is hard to believe that more than ten years have passed since I read Mrs. Miln's first book, "When We Were Strolling Players in the East," as charming a narrative of travel as one could wish. "Quaint Korea" was another of her early books, of which a new edition might have been issued at the opening of the present war if some publisher had been wide-awake. It was a very graphic account of the land for which Russia and Japan are fighting. Unlike Mrs. Little, Mrs. Miln is no friend of the missionaries, and she boldly confesses to "an exaggerated dislike" of them. I have found much entertainment and instruction in her happily conceived and well-written volume, "Wooings and Weddings in Many Climes." She wields a rather better literary style than Mrs. Little, and succeeds in being light and vivacious without being colloquial in manner.

Miss Florence Warden

How many years is it, I wonder, since "The House on the Marsh" had a vogue almost as great as that of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab"? It must be more than twenty, and since then its author has written close on two score of novels. I have just been reading her latest, "Playing the Knave," which bears strong family resemblance to its numerous predecessors. Murder and mystery form its staple, and how willingly the characters do the stupidest things to help along the plot! Yet there is undeniable interest in her story, in most of her stories, I suppose. It may be that such stories as these, which are so obviously untrue to all possible conditions of actual life, are, for that very reason, attractive to many minds that wish to be beguiled with fiction which bears no resemblance to the things they know, the conditions in which their own lives are cast. What innumerable murders has this ingenious novelist devised, how many suicides has she instigated among the unnumbered characters her books contain! I hope her heart is light withal! It is a mystery to me why people should delight to read of murder or suicide, but there is no denying that the odour of the charnel-house in literature is the most alluring of aromas to a large section of humanity. Allowing for a catholicity of taste, one could do worse than turn to some of Florence Warden's books when one has an idle hour. Miss Warden was originally an actress, and has always had a great taste for the stage, having written several plays, and for a year or two she performed in a dramatic version of her famous "House on the Marsh." In private life she is Mrs. Florence James, and resides at Sandgate in Kent.

A small Breton water-carrier

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black, from their new colour book, "Brittany," by Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes.) *(See page 346)*

The Obscureness of Kipling

While yielding to none in my admiration of Mr. Kipling's genius, I am bound to confess that his latest performance is a soul-saddener for all who take reasonable pleasure in the better work of his pen. "The Pro-Consuls," a so-called poem, wherewith he has hailed the return of Lord Milner, seems to me to touch the lowest level he has ever plumbed. It is worse than our Poet Laureate has taught us to expect from him. Mr. Austin, while invariably undistinguished in his manner, is generally clear as to his meaning; but this Kipling production is crawling with faults, and has no meaning that any fair-to-middling sane mind can discover. Mr. Kipling rhymes "blood" and "good," "award" and "guard," "raise" and "displace," "lose" and "excuse," the latter as a noun. All these are bad, though they might be excused in good poems; but all occurring in one poem, they ought to lead to any poet having his license endorsed. Worst of all is:—

> Fit for realms to rise upon, . . .
> Of their generation.

When he rhymes "lies" and "centuries," it is bad enough, but it must be quite obvious, even to poor old "Spring." Onions, of police-court poetry fame, that in the above we have to read the last rhyme word as gen-er-a-shy-on. And, further, the poet has no right, even when wilfully obscure, as in the following lines, to give a plural verb to a singular noun:—

> With no veil before their face
> Such as shroud or sceptre lend.

But as nobody seems to know what it's all about, perhaps it doesn't much matter.

To Preserve Hyde Abbey

HE BURIAL-PLACE OF KING ALFRED THE GREAT

FEW monarchs have left such a record behind them as stands to the credit of King Alfred the Great, who distinguished himself as lawgiver, scholar, philosopher, and was as great in the pursuit of arms as in any of these other accomplishments. Perhaps it is as the founder of our Navy that King Alfred is best known in these Imperial times. The people of Winchester have always paid zealous tribute to the memory of this greatest of our early kings, who made their city his dwelling-place and last resting-place. The Alfred Millenary was, as everybody remembers, made the occasion of a most enthusiastic celebration at Winchester when the fine statue by Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft shown in our illustration, was unveiled. A new movement, headed by the Mayor and many other well-known gentlemen, is now on foot in the old Saxon capital, which has for its object the excavation, preservation and enclosure of the remains of the ancient Abbey of Hyde, the burial-place of King Alfred, his wife Queen Elswitha, and his son, King Edward the Elder. King Alfred died in 901, and was first buried in the Old Minster, and subsequently in the New Minster. In 1110, after the completion of Hyde Abbey, the remains were transferred to this their final burial-place. Hyde Abbey possesses in itself an interesting history, for it met its full share of the vicissitudes which fell upon religious houses under the very "bluff," not to say heavy-handed, administration of Henry VIII., by whom it was given to Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, an iconoclast who lost no time in pulling most of it down and selling the material. As Hyde Abbey is of more than national interest, the Committee feel sure that not only the British public, but their brothers in the Colonies and their cousins in the United States, will be interested in this effort to secure from further desecration and neglect a spot so unique as the burial-place of King Alfred, and will show that interest by contributing to the fund that is being raised, subscriptions to which may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Alfred Bowker, Esq., Lankhills, Winchester.

The King Alfred Memorial at Winchester

Photos by The Gateway, Hyde Abbey, Winchester: The final burial-place of King Alfred the Great [*Grant*

Golf Notes and Notions

A Comparison between Modern First-class Golf and Lawn Tennis

I must crave the forgiveness of my excellent colleague, Mr. Scrivener, for wandering this week into a domain specially reserved for him, and poaching on his preserves. But I feel constrained to mix my golf with a modicum of lawn tennis, because I have lately been a keenly interested observer of some of the finest lawn tennis that we have seen for many years. Both at Queen's Club, where the preliminary stages were played, and at Wimbledon, where the finals of the Davis Cup were contested, I have watched, with delighted interest, the finest exponents of latter-day lawn tennis going for each other for all they were worth. Now, it is over twenty years since I have seen any serious first-class lawn tennis, and it occurred to me that it would be interesting to make a comparison between the progress achieved by golf and lawn tennis in that period. In many particulars, of course, a comparison is impossible. Lawn tennis is a game demanding special gifts of activity, quickness of eye, instant and almost instinctive decision, which are not required in golf. But that sort of comparison I am not so foolish as to wish or attempt to institute. No; what my late feast of lawn tennis makes me anxious to point out is this, that in each game the same upward march to perfection is plainly visible.

From a Pastime to a Business

Naturally, in golf I have been able to mark the intermediate stages, while in lawn tennis I have to take for granted the growth which has converted the chrysalis of the early eighties into the brilliant butterfly of this year of grace. But I have not the least doubt that anyone who had not seen a first-class golf match for about twenty-five years would be struck by the play of Vardon, Braid, Taylor, or Herd, in much the same fashion as I was the other day when watching the Doherty Brothers, Smith, Brookes, Holcombe Ward, Wright, and Larned, showing the gallery their perfect command of racket and ball. The belated golf observer would be bound to exclaim, "How enormously this game has gained in precision, dexterity, crispness, and decision." In neither game has the merely graceful player of a quarter of a century ago the least chance nowadays. There is more bite, if I may be allowed the expression, in both games in these days. The player who has most bite and aggressiveness will always carry the day in these strenuous times. Both golf and lawn tennis have developed from mere pastimes into strenuous businesses during the last twenty-five years. Both games, thanks to covered courts and sand courts in the sunny south, in the case of lawn tennis, can be played all the year round. Therefore, the lawn tennis player, like the golfer, can always keep his hand in, and for him who aspires to high rank in either, it is absolutely necessary that his weapons shall not rust, but that he shall be constant in season and out of season in the pursuit of the mastery of his favourite game. The result of this incessant play of both games by an ever-increasing horde of devotees, is that each has been subjected to the closest scrutiny and analysis by prominent experts in either department. Every possible tennis or golf stroke has been demonstrated and expounded on paper, and the methods of the leading experts in either section have been closely watched and reduced, so to speak, to ink and paper.

Wrinkles from America

In both cases our supremacy, unchallenged for many years, has been rudely shaken by our American cousins. Although in golf the actual strokes of the game have had no addition made to them by America, as in the case of lawn tennis, yet how much novelty has there not been imparted to golf by the rubber-cored ball, which, in spite of judicial decisions to the contrary, I shall continue to regard as an American invention and innovation. The institution of the Davis Cup has undoubtedly infused fresh life into lawn tennis, and has enabled our players, by a constant succession of meetings with the best exponents of America and other countries, to gain fresh wrinkles in the game, and to extract from their adversaries' methods some little added touch wherewith to complete the perfection of their own science.

A Davis Cup for Golf

Are we not nearing the time when a Cup for golf, on similar lines to the Davis Cup, might well be instituted? I understand that the one joy of Mr. Rockefeller's life, apart from mere business delights, which do not count with serious sportsmen, is when he wins a golf match, or does a hole in fewer strokes than it has ever been his good fortune to do it in previously. Might I suggest to that much-abused individual, or to some other millionaire golfer of equally keen enthusiasm, that he has here ready to his hand an opportunity of rendering himself immortal, and of conferring a real and lasting benefit on his beloved game by following the example of the great lawn-tennis player, Mr. Dwight Davis, and presenting a noble trophy for competition by International teams of golfers. Golf, like lawn tennis, has spread to all countries of the world, and I see no reason why, as in tennis, there should not be gatherings of British, American, Australian, French, Austrian, and other national representative teams, to dispute for the supremacy of the golfing world; such gatherings as we have lately witnessed at Queen's Club and Wimbledon, meetings which have done such incalculable good in bringing together the lawn-tennis players of all countries, and fostering the spirit of International good fellowship.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

"Patience"

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

BY LEWIS BIGGS

In Camp with the King's Colonials

The Lines: The men at "Stables"

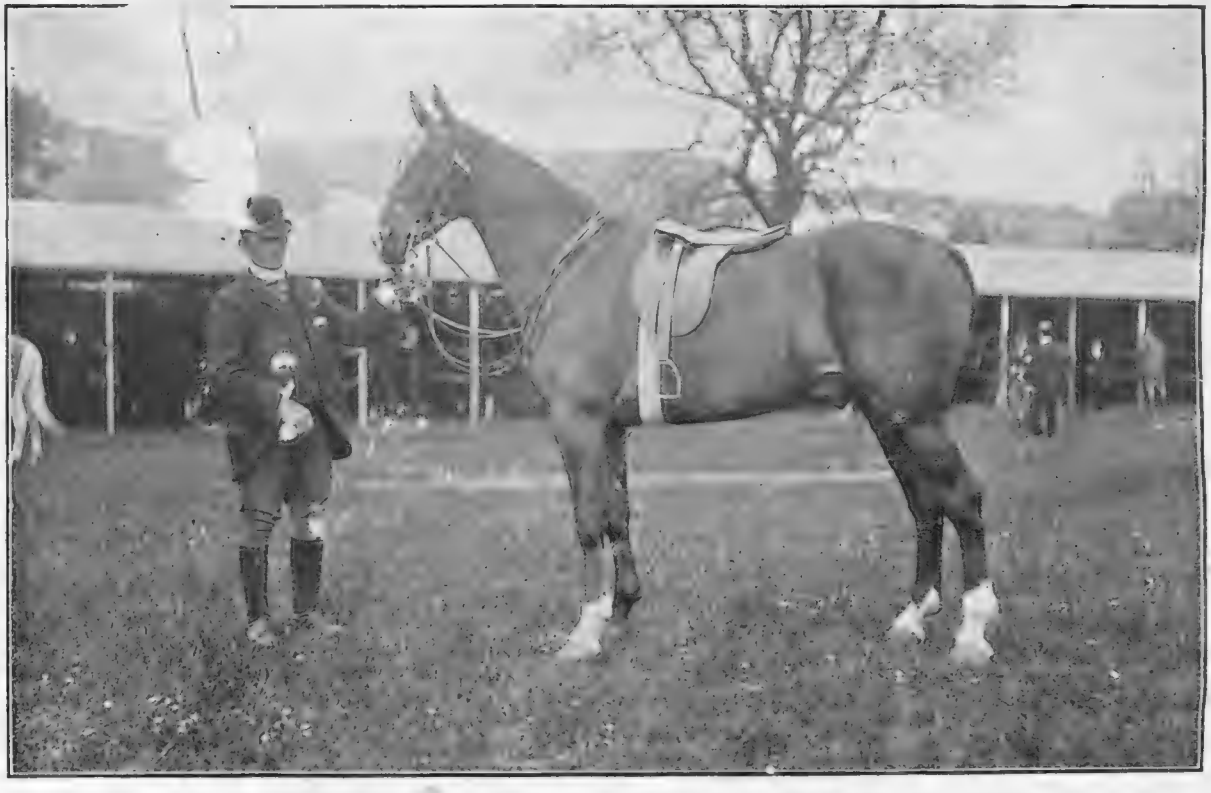
General view of the Camp at Ovingdean, near Brighton

[Photos by] Forage Fatigue [Nops

PRIZE-WINNING HUNTERS AT THE

Oxted and Godstone

AGRICULTURAL SHOW



"Tennis Ball," First Prize Winner, Hunter Class, owned by Mr. Mackusick, Lyttle Hall, Nutfield

Photos by *W. A. Rouch*

Mr. Mackusick's bay gelding, "Red Ruby," First Prize Winner, Hunter Class

"Opportunity Makes the Thief

"And, William, mind you keep a sharp eye [illegible] many [illegible] take the first opportunity [illegible]

" motoring in Epping Forest

[illegible] is well supported by the public. On the occasion [illegible] gives one of these children a delightful day in

...wn-Tennis Notes. By H. S. SCRIVENER

...ding match of the ...r, between Smith and ...es, which I was hoping ...me off at Newcastle, ...kes won. It was a ...nough one never knows, the ...seems to be that if it had been ...might have been reversed, ...had more left in him than ... of the three sets. Apart ...means the best of ...in the final set he was ... vagaries of some irresponsible and unthinking spectators, and for once in a way, even the imperturbable Smith was obviously perturbed. It lost him a service game, and he never quite managed to make up the leeway. However, Brookes has won the rubber, and there's no getting over it. In a series of three ... luck is bound to be pretty evenly ... and, in the matter of matches, Brook... just got home; in the matter of sets they are equal—six all. Brookes is entitled to a feeling of something more than contentment with this record. No English player except a Doherty could have achieved it, and in this particular instance Australia has succeeded where America has failed.

Dunlop Establishes a Record

Apart from this match, the whole of the contest for the Northumberland County Championship abounded in stirring incidents. In the fourth round, Eaves, quite at his best, beat Hillyard, and so avenged his defeat by the latter earlier in the season, and in the semi-final he apparently had Dunlop beaten, but retired with the score at 4—1 in his favour in the third set. The final, between Brookes and Dunlop, provided the most sensational match of all, for Dunlop, who has hitherto been content to figure as the second string (and a very good one at that) of the Australian team, beat the first string, Brookes, and not only beat him, but did it in three straight sets, a thing which no other player has achieved since Brookes' first appearance in England.

The Doubles and the Ladies' Doubles

H. L. Doherty scratched in the Singles, and confined his attention to the two Doubles. In the Mixed Doubles he and Miss Wilson formed an exceptionally strong combination, and after disposing of Smith and Miss Thomson (who had previously beaten Hillyard and Miss Douglass) in the semi-final, they had the upper hand of Brookes and Mrs. Hillyard almost from the outset in the final, and beat them quite comfortably. In the Men's Doubles, on the other hand, Doherty and Hillyard just failed, after a five-set match, to beat Brookes and Eaves. Here, again, Eaves played finely, and so did Doherty and Brookes, the weak member of the party being Hillyard, whose returns were often spoilt by that error of an inch or so which makes all the difference. Miss Douglass and Miss Wilson had a battle royal for the Ladies' Cup, and the former (who has won it twice before) was within an ace, in the course of the second set, of winning it outright, but lost the chance, and was ultimately beaten at 7—5 in the third. This result, however, having regard to the way in which Miss Wilson is playing just now, is evidence that Miss Douglass is gradually regaining her last year's form. In the Ladies Doubles, she and Miss Thomson were quite the best pair engaged, and won easily.

...bay gelding, "Red Ruby,

The Doubl... ...rs and Miss Tootell

The Eastern Counties Tour

I am at present enjoying my Eastern counties round, combined with a course of H. R. Barrett, and I (in common with many others) am deriving the greatest benefit from the treatment. Barrett's play is as exhilarating as the East coast air, and his keenness and vivacity are quite infectious. He is certainly playing as well as ever this year, and the way in which he smothered E. R. Allen the other day in the final at Saxmundham was quite wonderful; for the redoubtable "E. R.," though he seems, speaking generally, to have struck a bad streak this year, was, on this particular occasion, playing really well. But the court, which had just been a little softened by a shower, suited Barrett exactly, and it was delightful to see him run after balls, which most men would be content to get back somehow, and turn them into winning strokes by sending them fizzing down the line or across the court. The strength of his game, apart from his pace and quickness, lies in the fact that he knows to a nicety when to go for the shot, and is never put off by bad luck, misbounds, and the like. It was altogether too much for the Allens, and instead of going on, as their custom is, to Colchester and Felixstowe, they sought the comparative seclusion of Cranbrook, and are playing this week, I believe, at Bournemouth. Consequently, at Colchester there was no one to extend Barrett, where, to make matters worse, H. N. Marrett had to scratch to him in the final; neither does it seem in the least likely that anyone will extend him this week at Felixstowe, w[illegible] have the usual big entry, but rather [illegible], owing to our rivals, Buxton and Bournemouth. The best events at Colchester were the Ladies' Singles, which Miss Morton won after a tremendous struggle with Miss Tulloch, the pace of whose drives very nearly enabled her to prevail against the superior steadiness of her rival, and the Mixed Doubles, in which Gwynne-Evans and Miss Tulloch triumphed. Here again Miss Tulloch's driving was immense, and made the necessary openings for her partner, who was very much on the spot up at the net. They defeated Barrett and Miss Tottell in the semi-final, and then, in the final, overcame Marrett and Miss Morton, who had come through with the greatest ease, and were looked upon as almost certain winners, by 8—6, 6—4, 6—2. Marrett, despite the fact that he has had little hard practice this year, was in fine form all through at Colchester, and on the last day was still in everything for which he had entered, except the Handicap Doubles, having beaten, amongst others, C. E. Hunter, who quite failed to reproduce his Frinton form, when he won a set from E. R. Allen. Marrett scratched in two events, and obtained walks over in two more, otherwise we should never have got through, as nearly all the matches in which he did play were long ones. It is a pity that his professional duties will probably prevent him from playing again before Eastbourne.

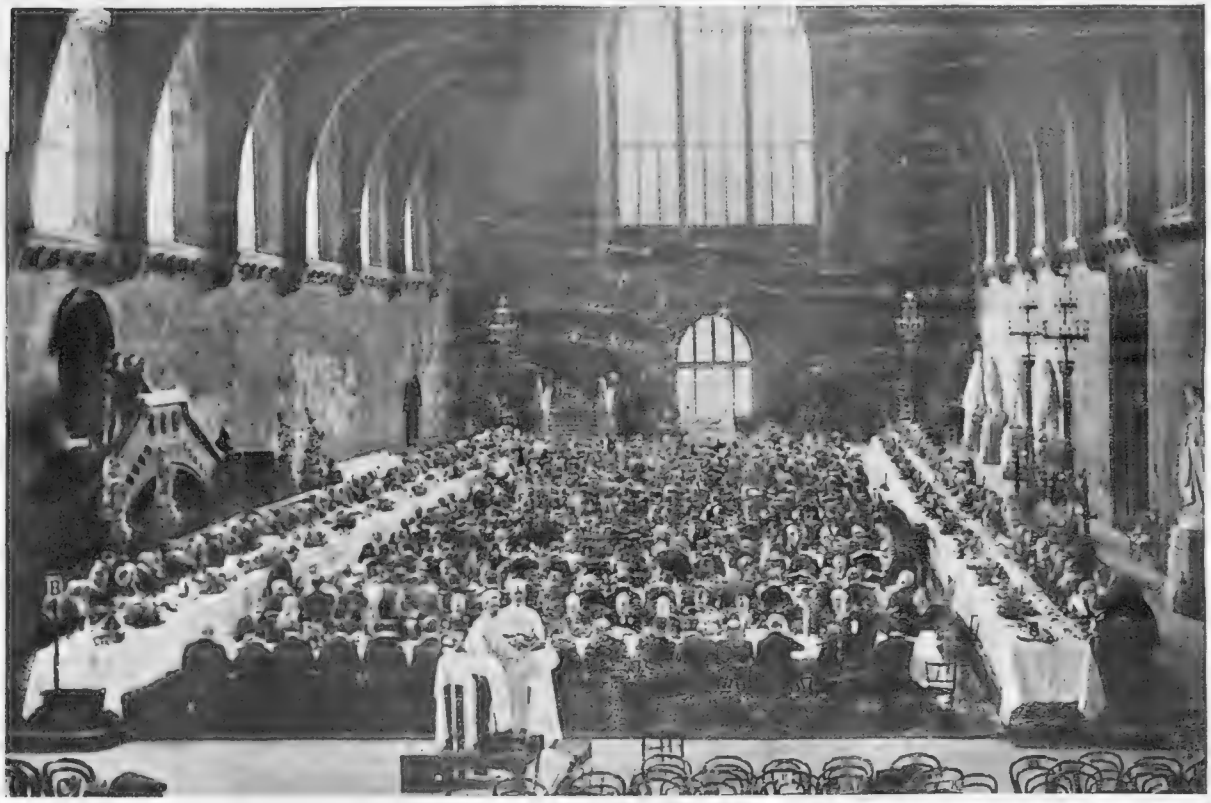
H. S. Scrivener.

"Pearson's Fresh Air Fund": Children out[illegible]

This excellent fund, which aims at giving the poor London child a holiday in the country, illustrated above, many motors were lent by their owners. Ninepence subscribed to the fund [illegible] Epping For[illegible] wi[illegible] motor-car ride thrown in

Our Naval Guests

EMONIOUS AND INFORMAL ASPECTS OF A MEMORABLE VISIT



French officers at luncheon in Westminster Hall

The reception of Admiral Caillard and his companions by the Lords and Commons marks the most impressive of the ceremonies and entertainments which have been carried out in honour of our French naval guests

Photos by] **nch Officers' Trip up the Thames: A hearty welcome at Cookham Lock** [*Illustrations Bureau*

It was a b
must have

visit of the French sailors to a close with a trip up the Thames from Maidenhead. This little excursion
ng to dispel the notion confessed to by our visitors that they had imagined English life to be far more dull and
loomy than they found it. Needless to say, t River gave them a hearty welcome

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelo

By Mrs. JACK MAY

A vast deal has been said in the *Daily Telegraph*, and elsewhere, on the thriftlessness of women in connection with culinary matters. Now, as in that direction I have only one ineradicable belief, to the effect that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, any small testimony I might offer would not materially assist the discussion. I propose to pause for a moment on a certain thriftlessness that pertains in dress matters.

As I was saying the other week in connection with the fashionable large spot lace veils, the Frenchwoman invariably arranges her dress allowance in such manner as to leave a margin for such unexpected contingencies. And they mean so much more than the innumerable silly wisps of tulle, gauze, chiffon, and cheap net fitments, whereon an Englishwoman is so prone to fritter away the whole of her pin money. Curiously enough, too, the lower down in the social scale one goes, the more marked is the woeful extravagance.

Cheap-John Effects

It is a never-ending source of wonderment to me why the type of woman represented by shop-girls, clerks' wives, and the like, cannot perceive the superior charm of a neatly made cotton dress before a bedraggled muslin, bedecked with cheap lace. That common lace collar also is a terrible offender, and runs away with many a valuable shilling. Then why will the women, who cannot possibly go the extravagance of a cab in the case of a downpour, always wear perishable chiffon hats? In fact, remarking the deplorable want of thrift, the only marvel is, the average home ever holds together at all.

Or take the girl with, say, £30 a year dress money—a small enough sum in these days—and note how she indulges herself in a very array of cheap hats, each one more papery in appearance than the last, together with a plethora of paltry blouses, bought ready-made, cheap veils, cheap gloves, cheap shoes, and every possible knick-knack in the way of chiffons that comes along under the seductive 1*s.* 11¾*d.* brand. Such constitutes the chief stock-in-trade of her ill-kept wardrobe.

In no circumstances can she face the purchase of a good bit of lace, or a reliable fur set, such as would see her through emergency after emergency, and always serve to point an elegant moral and adorn a tale. No! rather than wait, this impatient, thriftless creature will fall a victim to some astonishing garment of dyed rabbit or rat; and, Ye Fates! from what I have already seen, she will have ample opportunity to indulge that particular bent this season. It is the tendency to prefer quantity to quality which is so deteriorating, and which really emanates from a poor understanding of the value of the superior extraneous detail.

Demi-Toilette

This oft vexed question is being quite comfortably solved this year by those excellent robe skirts, accompanied by bodice pieces. These, in [illegible] checked and plain mousseline taffeta, and embroidered chiffons, represent the ideal of many years, and since the enterprising shopkeeper has realised the advisability of using up all his existing material stock on these lines, the cost is a mere bagatelle. Then Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street [illegible] gone one better, and are making up the [illegible]ce materials to a nominal sum, in a workroom especially set apart for the purpose; a workroom that practically takes the place of the little dressmaker, that always is, but never to be found.

Now I call this real enterprise, following a finely intelligent grasp of a hitherto unsolved and particularly trying situation. And just to give you an idea what constitutes a mere bagatelle of a price, 52*s.* 6*d.* is the cost of a beautifully-made taffeta robe, to which a wealth of stitchery is accorded, and a charming *entredeux* of fine silk braid introduced, this sum, of course, including the usual bodice piece. Or lined through with silk, and the bodice piece made up, six guineas is asked, which, as everyone must admit, is a veritable bargain price for a smart up-to-date gown, silk inside and out. But I shall look to see a further development of [illegible] spirited move, the first effort of the kind ever made to circumvent the evil deeds of the small inexperienced modiste.

The Tale of the Tassel

Perhaps it will be recalled how some of the loveliest evening and Court toilettes of this season have been ornamented with diamond tassels? I remember, in particular, the fascinations of a pale blue satin, *en princesse*, that was hung with diamond tassels from hem to *décolletage*, while in the case of another *chef d'œuvre*, a lace berthe was caught up with these tassels, and the dearest little lace sleeves were held across the back of the arm by similar dangling appendages. And this important feather has pointed the way of the wind, to the end that tassels, more especially small gold ones, will certainly prove themselves one of the earliest autumn novelties. They will, at any rate, prove a change from buttons and buckles, and, provided they do not fall too readily in the clutches of the populace, all will go well.

For evening frocks, I shall not be surprised to find silver tassels in demand, as [illegible] economical plagiarism on the diamond prototype, while it is a practical certainty b[illegible]ld [illegible]d, of a heavy pronounced ma[illegible] the affections of both modiste[illegible]e is talk also of some fine embroi[illegible]ing [illegible]orative feature, and the [illegible]editing the decree, s[illegible]e assured will necessita[illegible]d the like description. W[illegible]d with pleasurable an[illegible] Greek key embroide[illegible] [illegible] r[illegible]end much in respe[illegible]

Restaurant Dress sketched at the Savoy

(By K. Pleidel Young)

The

happy thought to
done as much as

nt

istic items that, like
wrong, and of
tly one. There
of it: it must
dly account itself
o
many *confrères*.
accompanying original

design by the touch of velvet so deftly disposed, together with dainty little frills of black Chantilly lace on the skirt of *plissé* chiffon, the whole falling *tablier*-wise over a hem of black taffeta.

The latter fabric is again responsible for the pretty corsage, which, in lieu of the ubiquitous yoke, has the front thrown back, with revers of soft embroidered silk over a fichu of old lace.

A Woman's Note Book

Someone has been asking what there is in the virtues that their advocates should generally make them "so stupid and so depressing." Here is a warning for us! Only too truly the French complain that we take our pleasures sadly; so, indeed, we do, except when we let virtue fly to the winds, and take them uproariously. A recent Bank Holiday has induced me to make this most moral of reflections; for what do we see on such an occasion? One-half of the population, calm, well-behaved, but undeniably depressed; the other, rough, rude, rowdy, and frequently the worse for drink. We are not naturally a merry people; consequently our efforts are noisy, forced, and uncouth. Again, even among the more refined and intelligent section of the population, a dreariness hangs about virtue, quite out of keeping with its spirit of natural light-heartedness. There seems to be an idea that to be good, one must be very, very dull; and when relaxation from this solemn state becomes a necessity, the only alternative is to hang about the skirts of vice. To do us justice, we are, as a nation, deeply rooted in virtue, wisely abhorrent of vice; but we find no great happiness in our choice. We practise the one and relinquish the other with resignation, not joy; keeping an eye upon what we have philosophically given up, and sinking into a monotonous solemnity, as though we had chosen not good, but merely the lesser evil.

Someone—was it Goethe?—once said: "Of the two, I prefer those who render vice lovable to those who degrade virtue." There is a good deal of common-sense in this statement, for it is much easier to resist an attraction than to live in a perpetual state of boredom, resulting from our own real (or supposed) goodness; therefore, the degrading of virtue, unfortunately a common practice among us, is positively a national menace. Although we do not like to think so, we are decidedly a Puritanical people in our ideas; and the worst of it is, we find those ideas embarrassing by discovering ourselves unable to live up to them.

It is a great gift to be able to enjoy oneself and not to think it rather wicked to do so; but our idea of enjoyment has become so hopelessly mixed up with something or other which ought not to be, that it has lost half its joyousness and all its dignity. For only one example, take again the English working-man. What does he do on a holiday, in many, perhaps the majority of cases? He sets out well aware that he will probably not be sober towards evening; and this is so much an understood thing that when he returns at night his wife remarks with philosophical resignation: "Men, they are all the same; you see it was an 'oliday." In this country, it seems that it is only children who know how to enjoy themselves whole heartedly and innocently. It would be a great gain if we could recognise enjoyment as a wholesome and virtuous relaxation, and once and for all disconnect it in our minds from any necessary alliance with frivolity, waste of time, or wrong-doing. Why are wickedness and fun linked hand in hand? That such a thing is necessary is our national delusion, and it is amply shown by the fact that all philanthropic bodies find it imperative to provide wholesome enjoyment for the people, else they will inevitably provide *themselves* with entertainment of a less innocent nature, because fun has grown with them to be synonymous with vulgarity, rowdyism, and often positive evil.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu for a Little Dinner

Clear Soup
Stewed Trout
Mutton Cutlets à la Parmesan
Roast Grouse
Iced Venice Pudding
Devilled Sardines

STEWED TROUT

Melt 3 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in it a tablespoonful of flour, some mace, cayenne, and nutmeg, lay in the fish after it has been thoroughly cleaned and wiped dry, shake it in the pan, that it may not stick, and when lightly browned on both sides, pour in three-quarters of a pint of good stock, add a small piece of parsley, one bay leaf, a piece of lemon peel, and a pinch of salt; stew the fish very gently from half to three-quarters of an hour, or longer, if the fish is very large. Dish the trout, skim the fat from the gravy and pass it through a hot strainer over the fish, which should be served immediately. A glass of white wine added to the sauce is an improvement.

Trout are also good wrapped in buttered paper, and baked or broiled; if very small, the best way of cooking them is to fry them whole. They should never be plainly boiled, as, though naturally a delicious fish, they are then very insipid.

MUTTON CUTLETS À LA PARMESAN

Cut some cutlets and trim them. Mix equal quantities of grated Parmesan cheese and fine breadcrumbs. Dip the cutlets into a good, rich brown sauce, then into the bread and Parmesan, then into beaten yolk of egg, into which a little salt and very finely chopped parsley and chives have been mixed, and then dip a second time into the bread and Parmesan. Then fry them, and dish them up on French beans, which have been boiled and tossed in butter, or with macaroni in the middle, on which pour tomato sauce over and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

ROAST GROUSE

Handle the birds very lightly in plucking off the feathers; draw them and wipe the insides with clean damp cloths, truss the grouse in the same way as pheasants are done, and roast them about half an hour, keeping them well basted. Serve them on buttered toast which has been laid under them in the pan for ten minutes, or, if preferred, with gravy and bread-sauce only.

ICED VENICE PUDDING

The yolks of four eggs, ½ oz. gelatine, three or four sponge cakes, some apricot jam, 2 oz. of preserved cherries, and sufficient sherry to soak the cakes. Make a custard with the yolks of the eggs and gelatine, ornament the bottom of a mould with the cherries according to taste. Pour a little of the custard into the mould, then add sponge cake which have been soaked in the sherry, the jam, and lastly the custard. Set it in a cool place, or ice it. Serve with cold clear brandy sauce.

EMILIA.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Good-bye to the Great "G. B."

The English Automobile Club have decided not to challenge for the 1906 Gordon Bennett. Some time back, France announced her intention of never competing again. This double abstention will, undoubtedly, seriously injure the Cup race. England stands aside because an influential section of the Club are opposed to high-speed racing. Our French friends, not because they object to whirlwind contests (they love them), but because they do not consider that their large motor interests are sufficiently represented by each nation having the same number — namely, three. These two abstentions, though due to such different reasons, will deal a hard blow to the historic race, a blow which it can hardly recover from. Strangling the Gordon Bennett is not going to make things easier for other race promoters, and I doubt very much if the projected French Grand Prix will ever attain importance. Next year's Belgian Circuit Ardennes and the American Vanderbilt Cup will also suffer, for the competitors are, as a rule, Gordon Bennett cars. Stop the great Gordon Bennett race, and makers will think twice before building new racing cars. One might almost say, that unless the Gordon Bennett goes on motor racing over three hundred odd miles of country goes out.

Photo by *Beresford*

Mr. E. R. Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police

One of the members of the new Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Motor Car Acts

The Ardennes Merry-go-round

But, whatever may happen next year, this season has not lacked its big races. The recent Circuit Ardennes was a merry meeting, a record-breaking race, and one, too, without any accidents. France has no reason to quarrel with the number of her representatives, as four Panhards, three Darracqs, the C.G.V. Gordon Bennett racer (on which M. Girardot was nearly killed in the Cup contest), and three De Dietrichs—all coming from the great motoring Republic. Germany had two Mercedes running, while Italy relied on three F.I.A.T.s and an Itala, a type of speed car seen [illegible] time in a big race. Two Wo[illegible]ys by Messrs. Rolls and Bianchi, were to have represented England. Owing, however, to the raising of the entrance fees from £80 to £200 a car, they were, at the eleventh hour, withdrawn. The start was practically without incident, save that the C.G.V. racer moved but a few yards. Girardot's mechanic, Behr, was at the wheel—the race was his maiden effort—nervous, perhaps, rather than careless, when he received the signal to start, he let in his clutch so fiercely that he smashed the cardan shaft—spoiling, of course, any chance that this unlucky car ever had.

A Sporting Go-as-hard-as-you-please Non-stop Race

A complete absence of controls or compulsory stopping-places makes the Ardennes Circuit, perhaps, the most sporting motor-race of the year. The circuit runs from Bastoyne through Champlon, Saint Hubert, and Martelange, back to Bastoyne again—a seventy-five-mile circle of genuine, honest, hard, high road. With only a four-minute interval separating them at the start, the competitors go as hard as they can, all the way, all the time, five times round. As in previous races, tyre troubles were the trouble, both Jenatzy and De Caters, the Mercédès wheelmen, having their chances spoilt by the erratic pneumatic. By the third round, the Darracqs and the Panhards held such positions that victory was assured to one or another of these big French firms. In the end, one of the speed products of the Suresnes factory was first past the post, Henery and his Darracq covering the 375 miles in two minutes less than six hours—an average speed of sixty-two miles an hour. Tart, on a Panhard, was only fifteen minutes behind. Third and fifth places went to two other Panhards; while another Darracq coming in fourth, these two firms indeed divided the honours.

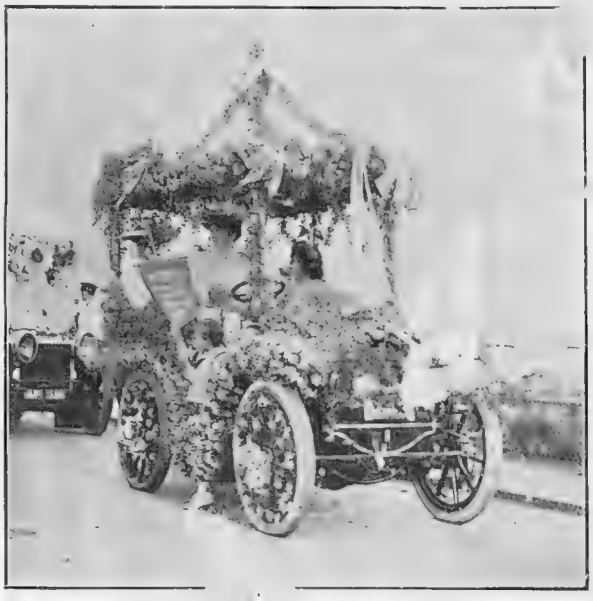
High[illegible] Racing now as Safe as Steeplechasing

"Th[illegible] speed race, like this year's Gordon [illegible]id of any real accident, shows that practice perfect, past experience, gained in

some cases at a little cost, now enabling races to be run with as much immunity from accident as an ordinary steeplechase. Both those who organise and those who race now know "how." The blameless record of this year's sport should go far to induce the opponents of motor racing to relax their opposition, and let the fun go on.

The Momentous Motor-Car Commission

The names of the commissioners, whose report will be awaited by all motorists and motor-cyclists with much anxiety, have now been made public. The following gentlemen are to decide our fate: Viscount Selby, chairman, the Marquess of Winchester (chairman of the County Council for Hants), Sir William Bower Forwood (late Lord Mayor of Liverpool and chairman of the Lancashire Quarter Sessions), Mr. H. C. Monro, C.B. (one of the assistant secretaries of the Local Government Board), Mr. E. R. Henry, C.B. (Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police), and Mr. W. J. Mure, C.B. (formerly legal sec[illegible] the Lord Advocate). To these it is proposed to [illegible] a seventh commissioner, and I only ho[illegible] that neither Mr. Wason or Mr. Soares will be asked to serve—worthy Members of Parliament though they be



Motor Carnival at Bexh[illegible]ars. Stratton, winner of first prize

The Terms of Refer[illegible]

What these excellently-chosen sio ers have been appointed to [illegible] to an report upon are:—

(1) The workin[illegible] of the Motor Car Acts, 1896 and 1903, and of the re[illegible]lations under them;

(2) The law and practice in relation to motor-cars the principal foreign countries;

(3) What amendments, if any, should be made in the Motor Car Acts, and the regulations under them;

(4) The injury to the roads alleged to be caused by motor-cars: and

(5) Whether any, and, if so, what additional charges should be imposed in respect of motor-cars, and how any money thus raised should be applied; with power to issue an *ad interim* report on the first three heads, if that course should appear desirable.

All these matters seem to be fair matters of inquiry, but apparently the real troubles, the construction and general design of our roads, are not to be particularly inquired into. This, to my mind, is a most unfor[illegible]nate omission, and one that [illegible]utomobile Clubs should [illegible]heir best to remedy.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Motor Carnival at Bexl

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

555

4/9 per 100

1/3 per 25.

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and Stores, at home and abroad.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

MANUFACTURERS: ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LONDON, E.C.

FDB

FREEMANS' DARVEL BAY SEGARS

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "THE BYSTANDER."

F.D.B. Segars are so good that a trial of their qualities invariably leads to their being regularly smoked. We know this so well that we are anxious to offer every facility for a trial to be made, and, with this in view, make the following offer:—

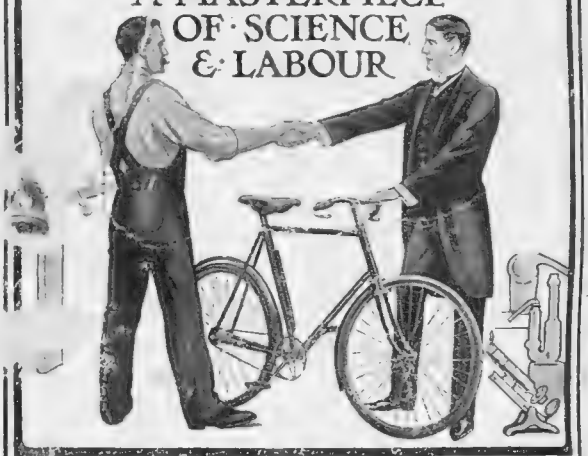
To any reader of "The Bystander" who cares to apply—mentioning the paper—we will send, Free of all Cost, a Sample of the Segars and an Interesting Illustrated Booklet on Borneo. This offer will be open

UNTIL AUGUST 31

J. R. FREEMAN & SON, London, N., or Grangetown, Cardiff.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

A MASTERPIECE OF SCIENCE & LABOUR



LOW PRICE
LOW WEIGHT
HIGH QUALITY
HIGH EFFICIENCY

These extremes meet only in Rudge-Whitworths, which surpass all other bicycles because they are scientifically manufactured by the most skilled workmen under the guidance of scientific experts and the surety of laboratory tests.

There are 70 Models, from £5:5s. TO £15:15s.

Packed Free and Carriage Paid.

64-page Catalogue post free from

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd. (Dept. L 12), COVENTRY.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

KROPP

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND

RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

Black Handle - - - - - 6 | Kropp Speed Strop - - - - - - 7/6

[illegible]y Handle - - [illegible] A.[illegible] [illegible]nis high- [illegible]te - - - - - - - 6d.

[illegible] Ivo[illegible] Ha[illegible]e In[illegible] for [illegible]e first Bennett, dev[illegible] [illegible]aving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6

[illegible] [illegible]isele[illegible] cars, to be driven tice makes [illegible], LONDON, W.

The Connoisseur

LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S WEDGWOOD

Although not an extremely large collection—such as may be seen in the museums of Birmingham, Edinburgh, Liverpool, or Nottingham—that brought together by the late Lord Tweedmouth, and on exhibition in Bond Street, shows us the fine flower of Josiah Wedgwood's epoch-making work in *Jasper*, as he justly called that particular kind of pottery which he invented and perfected.

Old Wedgwood in General

This remarkable substance, or body (the potters' phrase for the prepared clay), has the property of incorporating the colour in the mass, and is remarkable for its density. It can be polished on the lathe, as is the natural stone, and is admirably adapted for the particular kind of classic relief which soon engaged the inventor's attention. With the aid of many of the most skilful designers of the day, who, with Flaxman, produced so vast a variety of classic subjects for the potter's talent to transform into decorative plaques and utilitarian objects, Wedgwood soon took the taste of the public by storm. Already his "useful wares," such as were employed at meals, had become known throughout the civilised world; it was said that from Calais to Petersburg every hotel at which the traveller lodged was provided with this excellent English earthenware. But, with the invention of the long-sought "Jasper," the successful Staffordshire manufacturer of every-day goods became transformed, or rather developed, into an artist who led for a while the taste of Europe. His earliest great patron was the acute and magnificent Empress Catherine, and during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. many orders came from France, where they were largely used in the decoration of the elaborate cabinet-work of the period—with, we venture to think, anything but a happy result. But vogue is vogue, and, for a while, the Royal factory at Sèvres copied the Wedgwood productions with avidity, and French artists were largely employed to design vast quantities of work which should reproduce to some extent the triumphs of technical skill for which the Etruria Works were then famous. How great a service Wedgwood did to the world of ceramics, and how original and distinguished his work was, may be judged by the fact that since his day no one has made any really artistic attempt to bring about a great reform. A perfect form of porcelain has been produced, it is true, but as regards any true feeling for beauty in the decorations of these productions, that appears to grow further from us year by year.

"Endymion on Latmos." Modelled by Pacetti for Wedgwood, 1787
The original design in wax is in the Tweedmouth collection. The old Wedgwood plaque from which the photograph is taken is lent to the Exhibition by a collector

Lord Tweedmouth's Wedgwood in Particular

For thirty years of the last century the late Lord Tweedmouth was an accomplished and

Special Double No.

OF

The Graphic.

In consequence of the enormous number of stirring and historical incidents connected with the Visit of the French Fleet, the Proprietors of THE GRAPHIC have decided to publish a Double Number in an Ornamental Cover of the ordinary weekly issue. It will be magnificently illustrated by a large staff of Special Artists and Photographers, and will include every ceremony of importance.

READY THURSDAY, AUGUST 17th.

In this issue will also be published the first of the Special Supplements, consisting of a series of

Photographic Studies

FROM KODAK NEGATIVES TAKEN BY

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The remaining two Supplements will be published on August 26 and September 2 of the ordinary 6d. Numbers.

These Photographs are of the highest interest, as apart from the fact that they have been taken by Her Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRA, they are admirable specimens of Photographic Art, the subjects ranging over a wide field, including Snapshots at Sandringham, Marlborough House, Copenhagen, and off the Coast of Scotland.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, E.C.

enthusiastic collector of the finest specimens of Wedgwood's decorative work which came into the market.

Each year the appreciation for the best examples of the great period of "Jasper," namely, from about the founding of the Etruria Works, say 1775, until near the end of the century, grows, and the difficulty of obtaining pieces of value becomes greater and greater.

To those who cared to study this particular form of eighteenth-century ceramics, the exhibition at Mr. Charles Davis's rooms will have been extremely welcome. The examples are arranged with the greatest skill by the well-known authority on Old Wedgwood, Mr. F. Rathbone. He has chosen a background of grey cloth, which gives an harmonious and cool effect, restful, pleasing, and eminently suited for the purpose of closely examining the pieces which are brought together for our delectation. To make this pleasing business more agreeable still, Mr. Rathbone has written a catalogue, which contains a large amount of information in a little space, and adds many useful items to our knowledge of the great potter and his works. The fact that there are here collected between thirty and forty of the original designs in wax by Flaxman, Angelini, Pacetti, and other well-known men who worked with Flaxman, renders the exhibition peculiarly interesting. The first photograph we give is from an Old Wedgwood plaque of "Endymion on Latmos," and above it, on the walls of the gallery, is shown the original design in wax by Pacetti, mad[illegible] about 1787. Many of the originals can be see[illegible] side by side with the reproductions, in which the public have not hith[illegible]o been enjoy. The collection is made [illegible]p of n[illegible] different pieces, from the smallest [illegible]ieces o[illegible]

Portrait Medallion of Franklin
Showing Wedgwood's severest and simplest style of portraiture

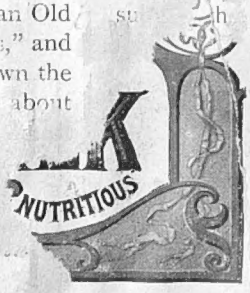
Sir William Hamilton
An example of greater elaboration and finish

to the fine vases, ninetee[illegible] Wedgwood from desi[illegible]ns by Da[illegible] ir[illegible]

Among the most [illegible]teresting objects produced [illegible] Wedgwood were the portrait medallions of people o[illegible] his time, in which he endeavoured to preserve the elegant simplici[illegible]y of antique form, and, at the same time, introduce all the variety he could command. Although there are some good examples of this particular work in the Tweedmouth collection, it is not rich in cameos.

The two meda[illegible]lions we give are from Mr. Burton's work, "English Earthenware," in which the long and fully illustrated chapter on Josiah Wedgwood is one of the most agreeably written and authentic monographs on this much described and written about, and widely appreciated potter.

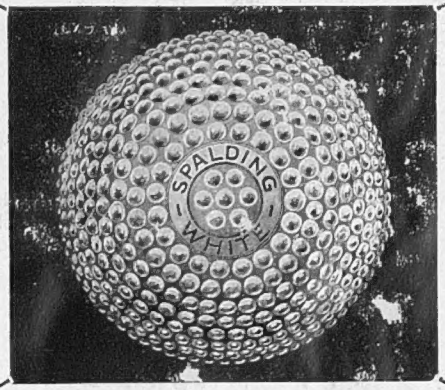
The strongly artistic, and to some extent Greek, spirit of Wedgwood dominates this exhibition. As one examines his often coldly correct work, and admires his reserves, his sober colouring, and classicism, one cannot b[illegible]cognise that it was his especial taste and technical [illegible] that drove out from among the English pott[illegible]licity and beauty of manual pr[illegible]d a mechanical exactness [illegible]t of the time. A [illegible] on this su[illegible]h [illegible]



ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION . LIMITED.
FUNDS - £1,337,989 31st December, 1904
The Ocean Corporation issues the "Leader" Policy against Accident and Disease For recent and important additional benefits send for Prospectus
Fidelity Guarantees
Workmen's Compensation
Public Liability Insurance
Burglary Insurance
Mortgage Insurance
Excess Bad Debt Insurance
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance
The Corporation has paid over £4,500,000 IN CLAIMS
HEAD OFFICE: 36 to 44 Moorgate St. London
RICHD J PAULL, General Manager & Secretary E.C.

...irely New Golf Ball.

SPALDING WHITE



32/- per dozen.

Postage, 4d. extra.

THE COVER IS WHITE THROUGHOUT.

Played with by J. BRAID, H. VARDON, A. HERD, E. RAY, and ROWLAND JONES at the recent Tournament at Bushey Hall, with great success, ERAID and HERD breaking record.

ALL LEADING PROFESSIONALS USING THIS BALL.

Manufactured by

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

53, 54, & 55, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.

A Blend of the Finest TOBACCOS.
IN THREE STRENGTHS.
ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST
FOR

"LUNTIN" Mixture.

SEND 7d. IN STAMPS
for sample packet, and name of nearest agent, from Sole Manufacturers—
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

C. G. V.

Charron Girardot & Voigt

CARS

SPEED, COMFORT, ELEGANCE, RELIABILITY.
Trials by Appointment.

THE LONDON MOTOR GARAGE Co., Ltd.,
33-37, Wardour St.,
London, W.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD., BELFAST

Regent Street & Cheapside, London; and Liverpool.

Manufacturers to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

"A firm of world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

Children's -	1/3 per doz.
Ladies' - -	2/3 ,,
Gentlemen's -	3/3 ,,
HEMSTITCHED.	
Ladies' - -	2/9 per doz.
Gentlemen's -	3/11 ,,

"Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Journal.*

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."
The Queen.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

Damask Table and House Linens, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, & Ladies' Underclothing at Makers' Prices.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent direct to Belfast.

"Well, here's my comfort" SHAKESPEARE

FOR GENTLEMEN

THE H...

...trips

(PATENT)

The World is our Oyster
We open it for you

D AND D

DEAN AND DAWSON

TOURIST AGENTS

If on business or pleasure bent seek our advice,—
We will save you time and money. . . . .
We issue Official Tickets of Railway & Steamship Cos.
We arrange pleasure tours and cruises. . .
Our British, Scotch & Irish Tours for short or long periods are of the Cheapest and Best.
We issue Rundreise Tickets for Continental Travel at about 30% less than ordinary fares.
Tell us where you wish to go in any part of the World and we will fix up the lowest rates by the best routes.
Our services will cost you nothing. . . .

82, STRAND *(Approach Hotel Cecil)* **W.C.**
and Branches.

The Editor's Box

The Scotland Season

On more than one famous occasion, the question has been propounded, "Stands Scotland where it did?" The question has been asked both historically and politically, and it might not be out of place to put the same query with regard to holiday travel. At a certain season of the year—during the month of August, to be precise—many English families journey North across the border with unvarying regularity. But with the greatly improved facilities which have recently been provided for travel to Ireland, the opening of new routes—especially the Heysham and Belfast route, with its fleet of improved turbine and twin-screw steamers containing all modern improvements for the comfort of passengers—Scotland has now quite a number of serious rivals.

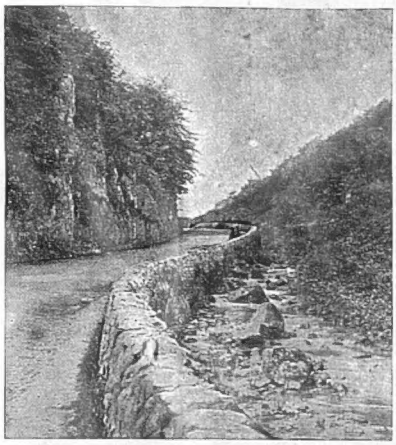
One has only to look at the time-tables of the railway companies to see that provision is made for Scottish travel to probably a greater extent than to any other district. Take the Midland as a case in point. Out of three pages devoted to a summary of improvements in the through express services throughout their extensive system, one is given up to the services between England and Scotland.

Midland Railway Facilities

No less than eleven through expresses leave St. Pancras within the twenty-four hours for Glasgow or Edinburgh, nearly all carrying luncheon, dining, or sleeping-cars, and many of them giving connections to the extreme north and west of Scotland. New family sleeping-cars of a very cosy character, with roomy accommodation for the members of the family, and separate apartments for servants, can be engaged by giving timely notice to the Midland officials. We notice that a special slip is placed in their time-table pages calling attention to the sleeping-cars and through carriages, which during the summer months will leave Inverness at 3.50, Aberdeen 5.35, and Perth at 7.55 p.m., and be attached to the 10 p.m. express from Edinburgh, due in at St. Pancras at 7.30 a.m. Passengers have no need, therefore, to fear the inconvenience of a night journey, as provision is made for them to pass their time in rest, and be refreshed for commencing business at the usual hour of the morning.

"Where to Spend the Holidays"

It is an Englishman's duty to know as much as he can about his own land and its beauties before he samples those of other countries. It would seem that to enable him to do his duty in this respect, and with as little trouble as possible, the London and North Western Railway have issued an attractive booklet under the title, "Where to Spend the Holidays." There are beautiful views of many of the beauty spots



Ashwood Dale, Buxton

From the handy illustrated booklet, "Where to Spend the Holidays," issued by the London and North Western Railway

in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, accompanied by interesting and instructive letterpress. A very important item, in the shape of a table of fares to the chief places of interest from the different centres (London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool), is also given. This booklet should be in the hands of all prospective holiday-makers.

The Garrick Theatre

Mr. Percy Anderson will design the costumes for Mr. Arthur Bourchier's production of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Garrick Theatre, and Mr. Frederick Rosse will compose the music.

A "Multiplex" Clock

Quite a remarkable clock has just been made by Messrs. Benson, the clockmakers of Ludgate Hill, for the palace of an Eastern potentate. It shows the time in thirteen cities of the world, thus enabling its owner to see at a glance, for example, London or Paris time as compared with that of his own capital. The dials show the times at London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Washington, Yokohama, Pekin, Bombay, Samarkand, and Teheran. The figures are in native characters, including the names of the various cities, and each dial is mounted in a very handsome ormolu frame, richly engraved.

The Society for the Suppression of Steel Traps

Apropos of our remarks on steel traps in a recent issue, we have received the following letter from the Hon. Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Steel Traps:—

DEAR SIR,—In regard to Colonel Coulson's invention, to which you refer, I have obtained a specimen from the makers, and while I recognise the good intent of the gallant Colonel, I am afraid the trap will fail for two reasons: First, the extreme pressure of the india-rubber grip is very hard, and if the rabbit was detained in the trap long would cause pain, although no laceration would be inflicted; and, secondly, all trap-makers will tell you that rabbits will not come near anything with a distinct foreign smell, such as that given off by the india-rubber; for, even before setting the ordinary steel trap, the trappers have to rub their hands in earth, so that no lingering odour from a human hand shall offend the sensitive nostrils of the rabbit. The problem is an extremely difficult one, and I hope we shall go a long way towards solving it. When one reflects on the grievous suffering caused to millions of rabbits every year, and to other animals, by the use of such traps as those now in vogue, one sickens with horror, and feels almost inclined to despair.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

SIDNEY TRIST (Hon. Sec.).